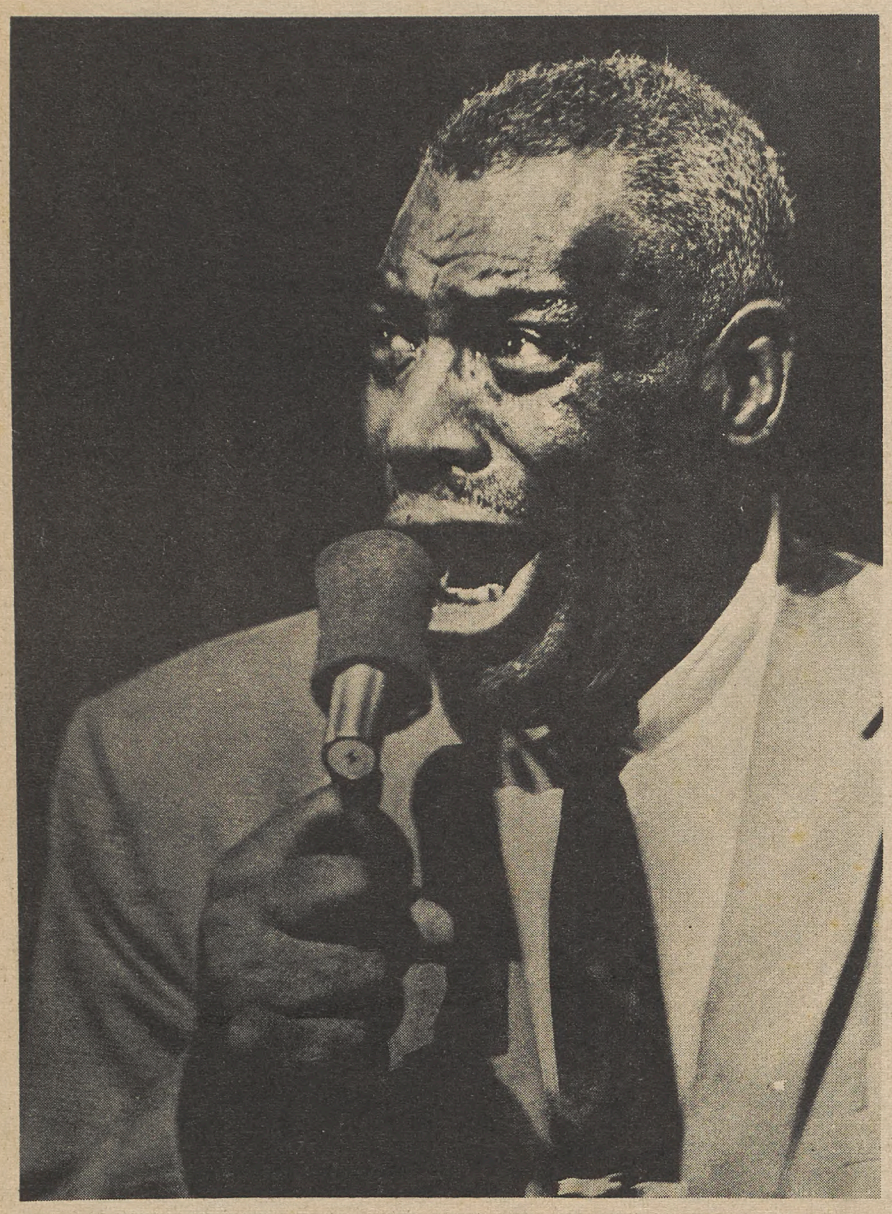
WOODWIND

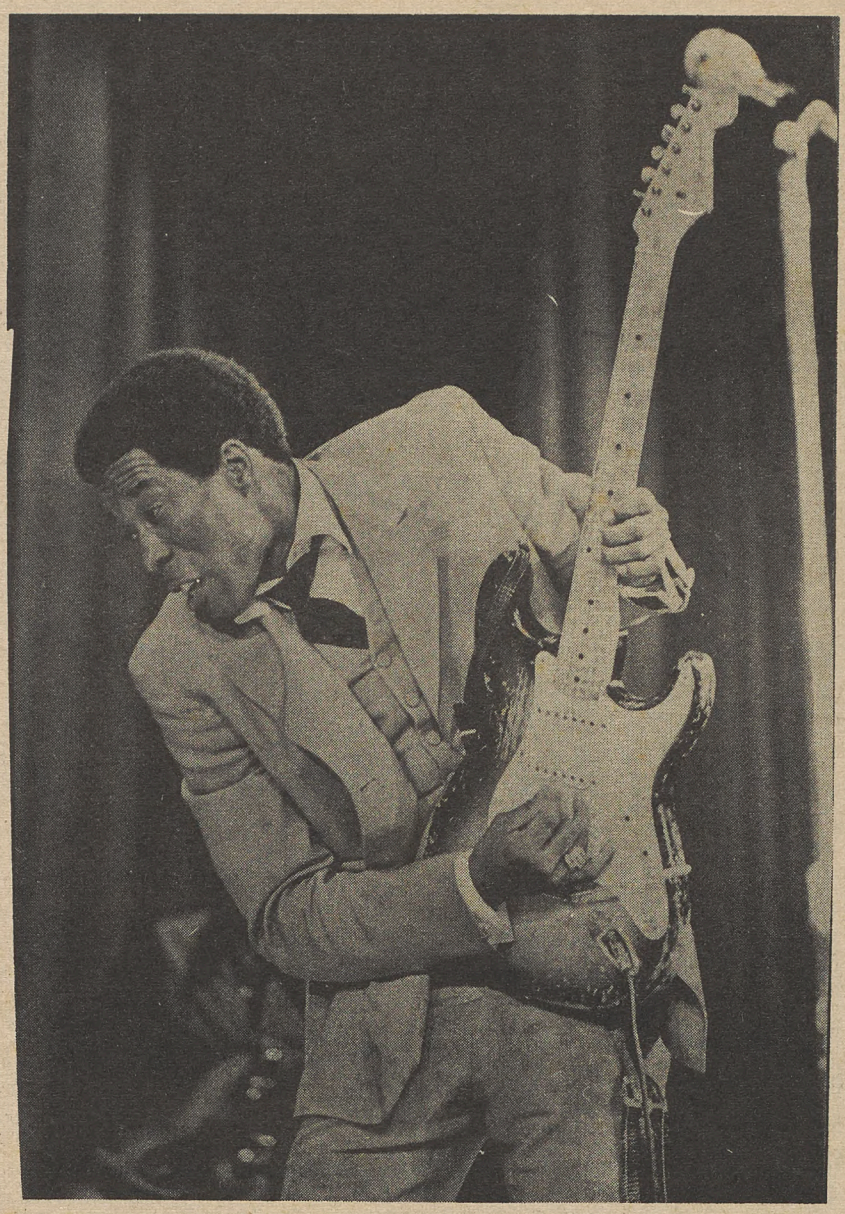
FREE

An Arts Paper

Washington, D.C.



HOWLIN' WOLF



BUDDY GUY

SUPER JAM

PHOTOS BY MICHAEL SALZBURG

woodwind vol 2 no 5

staff this issue consisted of toni cramer michael salzburg larry lissner charles tomkins larry fox andrea wyatt kelly gunther hoos carolyn miller mary chancelor ruth stenstrom david warren paul jones judy willis m rutt marc loewinger mike schreibman and richard harrington (still editor)

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FREE ALBUM!

A NEW CRAZY DEAL FROM THE PEOPLE WHO BRING YOU WOODWIND

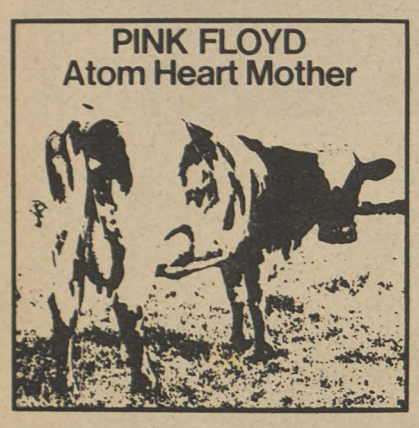
It is THAT time of the year, and what better way to celebrate than to give your friends a subscription to WOODWIND? Before you answer that question, look at the six albums pictured below- pretty good music--and with just a little wheeling and dealing on your part, you can get a gift that lasts (one whole year) as well as a gift that lasts (even longer). Specifically, pick the album you want , or the one you are adding to the gift subscription for your friend, and mark it on the coupon---then return the coupon, with a mere $6 and we will jump to and send of the record and add you to the growing list of subscribers. If it's a gift subscription, we'll include a gift card with your name on it. Anything we can do, we'll do for you.

A

American Beauty: The Grateful Dead

American Beauty is on Warner Bros.

B



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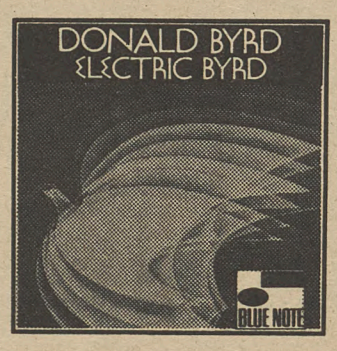
ST-644

E



F

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Album A B C D E F

THIS IS A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION
from _____

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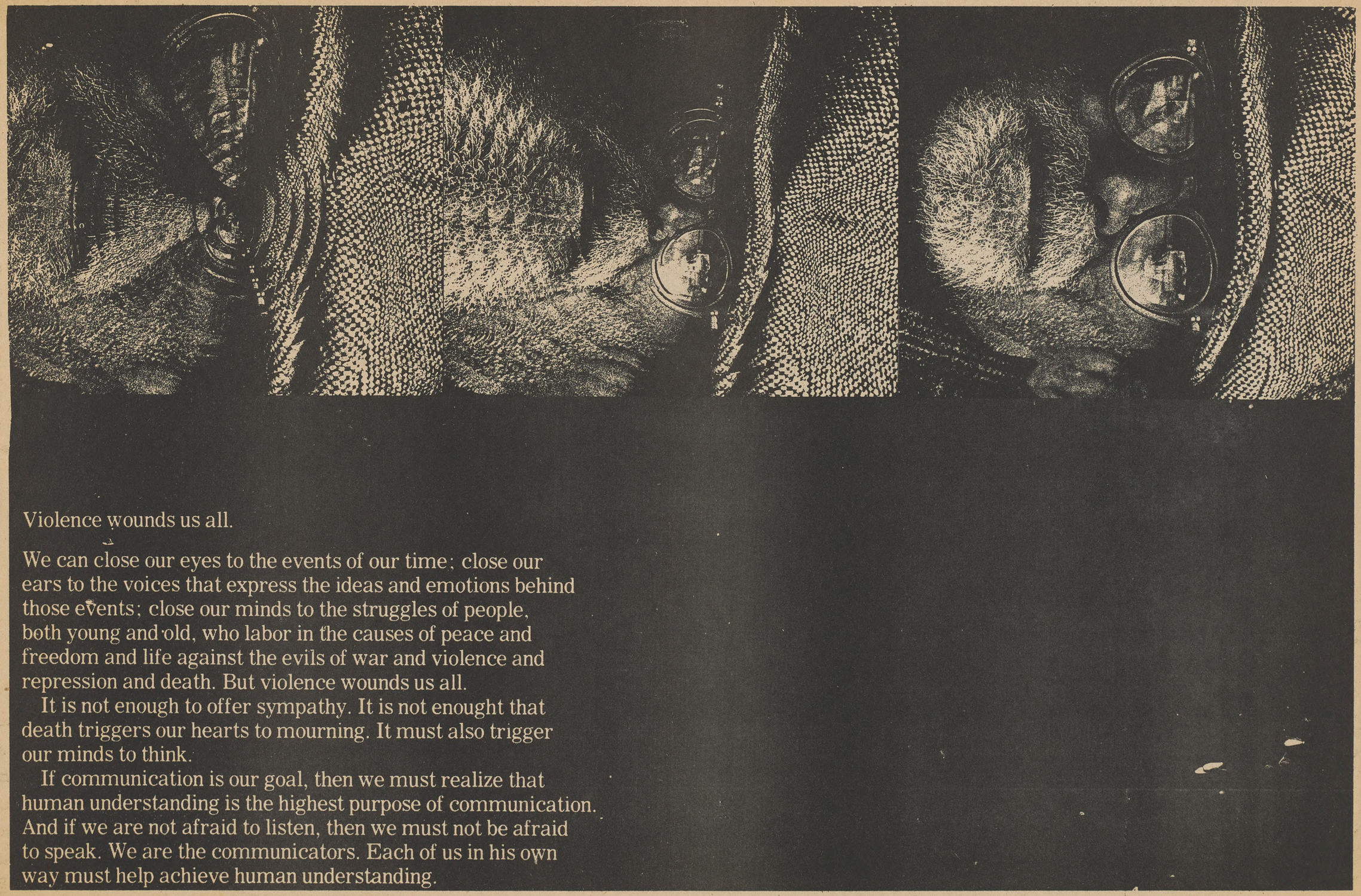
Album A B C D E F



Violence wounds us all.

We can close our eyes to the events of our time; close our ears to the voices that express the ideas and emotions behind those events; close our minds to the struggles of people, both young and old, who labor in the causes of peace and freedom and life against the evils of war and violence and repression and death. But violence wounds us all.

It is not enough to offer sympathy. It is not enought that death triggers our hearts to mourning. It must also trigger our minds to think.

If communication is our goal, then we must realize that human understanding is the highest purpose of communication. And if we are not afraid to listen, then we must not be afraid to speak. We are the communicators. Each of us in his own way must help achieve human understanding.

BEYOND THE DEAD - CONCERTS

THERE IS A FUTURE

(THIS LETTER WAS RECIEVED BY US SOON AFTER THE ILL-FATED GRATEFUL DEAD CONCERT IN LATE OCTOBER. IT CAME TOO LATE FOR OUR LAST ISSUE, AND IS A LITTLE BIT DATED NOW. BUT IT DOES MAKE CERTAIN ESSENTIAL POINTS VERY WELL, AND WE HAVE CONTINUED IN THE VEIN SET FORTH BY THE LETTER IN OUR FOLLOW-UP ARTICLE. THE LETTER IS ANONYMOUS, PARTLY BECAUSE THE WRITER FEARED RECRIMINATIONS FROM HIS RESEARCH. THE REST OF THE ARTICLE CARRIES THE NAME OF WOODWIND, AND IS AS MUCH AN EDITORIAL AS AN ARTICLE.)

Congratulations, Mr. Erlich! On October 23, 1970 you gave an outstanding performance. In the presence of thousands, without even making an appearance, you were the super-star of the evening. Even the Grateful Dead couldn't top you. What a feat! What promotional expertise! How did you manage to get over 7,000 people into a gymnasium with a seating capacity of 4,500? Of course it was a tight squeeze- people were fainting and getting sick and getting robbed- but just think of the endurance records that were set. We've heard of cramming people into telephone booths and Volkswagons, but never into an auditorium. Wow! You really think on a grand scale. And the risks! The possibility of never getting out alive only made it more exciting. Everyone was smoking and there wasn't a single fire-aisle open. A fly couldn't have landed on that floor.

The fire inspector made a brief cameo appearance, yelling and threatening to shut down your show. What a bringdown. Imagine trying to enforce rules and regulations at the event of the year. But we guess even he relented, for who can measure the safety of thousands against such colossal promotion? Of course, some people tried to ruin all the fun by asking for their money back. Could that possibly be the reason that you didn'f come? Imagine their nerve! Asking for refunds when it was clearly printed on the ticket "NO REFUNDS-NO EXCHANGES". Not to mention "NO ROOM".

Gee, Mr. Erlich, now that you've proven yourself to be the best promoter in town, why don't you try "producing" a concert? We realize you're a novice in this field. Producing a concert means caring about it, digging it, and arranging for small details like SEATING, staging, set-ups, lighting, etc. It means caring that the audience is comfortable and in the best possible position to enjoy themselves. Oh, there isn't nearly as much adventure. Most of us at the Eric Clapton concert weren't suffocating or being trampled on, or worried about how to escape in case of an emergency. Of course, those fellows over at Lisner don't have your imagination. They only sell one ticket for each seat! They're worried that someone might not be seated, or not able to see or hear. But then again, they're into production, not promotion. And let's face it there, you got'em, Jay.

Pat your fat pockets- you committed a robbery in broad daylight with thousands of witnesses and made a clean get-away. Butch Cassidy would be proud of you. Anyway, printing tickets is easier than robbing trains.

Now the "grapevine" has it that our "hero" is about to sock it to us again. Yes friends, another mighty promotion is presently on the wing. It is rumored that 10,000 tickets have been printed for the Traffic concert, so if you insist on going, Drug Fair offers ten-minute bottles of oxygen for only $8.95. Oxygen, a bucket and smelling salts would be a dynamite for any rock music freak, if he dares to attend any more shows at McDonough Gym, We really can't believe that anyone, not even Erlich, would attempt to sell that many tickets. If anywhere near that number of tickets are sold again, there won't be any room for the ticket-holders, let alone the gate-crashers.

By the way, to prevent people from crashing, our "friend" is going to bring in his own people. Erlich says he has to do this because special police won't put their lives on the line for $1.90 an hour. We think it goes deeper than that. Friday night, every officer we talked to agreed that people were being ripped off. Maybe they don't share your attitude that crashers are animals; so you'd better get your own boys to do the job and were sure you can find the people to do it. Besides, Jay, if you had been there, you would have seen that a large percentage of the people finally pushing through with the crashers were ticket holders who had been shut out. Not "trashers" or "building liberators", but the very same "animals" who buy the tickets that keep you in business. One of our brothers at the Dead concert was maced by a Wells Fargo agent for asking about getting his money back, a misunderstanding no doubt. There is a precedent for using thugs as guards for rock concerts, i.e. the Rolling Stones' California concert. The Mothers of Invention say, "it can't happen here". Cant it? (be honest folks, would you want to hire police if you were doing something illegal?)

That is, if overselling the space at a show is illegal. The GW Hatchet quoted Kevin Monyhan (Georgetown's homecoming chairman) as saying "we did oversell by about 300, but I don't know why", adding "I imagine he [Erlich] wanted to make some more money." We imagine he wanted to make a lot more money since the figures we have show an oversell of about a thousand [in advance, not to mention tickets at the door]. The promoter claims to have sold 4,800 tickets and we don't doubt his word in the least bit. According to the figures we obtained, he sold that and many more. (We asked for conservative estimates, and the figures below do not include the free tickets that some of the sellers recieved.)

Georgetown University	2000
Empire Music (3 stores)	1525
Excalibur	450
Hang-Ups	600
Variety Records	400
6th Sense	700
	5675

Speaking of tickets, do you have your ticket stubs for the Grateful Dead lying around, filed somewhere with old love letters, draft notices and other bad memories? We saw many people walking around, clutching their tickets' moaning- "there's nothing we can do". There is. And we would like those of you with tickets who were unable to get in to see the concert to contact us by phone or letter so that we can confront the promoter with the facts. If he is honest, he should make amends to the people who were unable to get in. And until he does make amends, we have the power to make our displeasure felt. Don't go see Traffic. Please don't be apathetic- we know it hurts, but there is more at stake than a single concert- the whole future of high quality rock performances in this area is jeapordized when these type of promotions are allowed to continue.

A final note: There are good producers in this area who love our music more than our money, but they won't be able to operate if other promoters ruin the business. Know your promoter and don't patronize him again if you get ripped off.

POSTSCRIPT FROM WOODWIND

The Traffic concert was held. After the number of tickets printed was disclosed, the University did keep a fairly close eye to see that the concert was not oversold. However, the night of the concert, several interesting things happened. The night before, disturbances occured at a sold out concert by Grand Funk at Maryland, a concert that was supposed to be only for the University, but was advertised in the post at the last minute, when it was already almost sold out (without benefit of such advertising). Police reaction was swift and very heavy. Guess who the promoter of that concert was? Right.

At Georgetown, the next night, ticket holders were greeted by Mafia-type doormen shouting directions for entering and menacinglytaking people's tickets, refusing to either tear the tickets or return stubs, even when specific requests were made to do so. Tickets were being sold at the door, and they seemed to move fairly briskly for a supposedly sold-out concert. As usual, there were a number of irate "people", of "the people" fame, chanting and clamoring about free music (more on that later). There occured a pitched battle in front ofthe gym, with Erlich's hired guards matching the reverse ingenuity of the "people" by drawing their guns. Such incidents do not usually cool things down, particularly since the guards were carrying their weapons illegally, as it later turned out. The unfortunate outcome of the concert included the usual overcrowding (as bad as at the Dead) and good music was marred by the experience and circumstances. Long range effects included banning of rock concerts at Georgetown, damaged property, people denied access to music they were willing to support. Another long range effect was the tarnishing of an already weakened concert image for Washington. Canned Heat cancelled an appearance at AU because they heard such bad things about this town. It seemed that no concert could be held here without trouble. The Byrds concert of a few weeks ago proved that a concert could be done right, with proper communication between promoter, the university , the groups and the audience. Mike Schriebman, the promoter, also works for WoodWind and I am persoanlly aware of the arangements he made to see that the vibes were good and especially to see that no trouble occured and that no one was hurt. As it turned out, there were no disturbances at all. If the right people work the concerts, then changes can be made in the situation.

The ultimate irony about Georgetown and the problems there was the cancelling of an appearance by Huey Newton, because the gym was no longer available after the disturbances. Erlich's made his money, and left very little in terms of future for music or other promoters. As the letter said. it's important to know your promoter, just like the groups. Jay Erlich is not what one would call a concerned promoter. In one ten-day period, he made about $55,000 profit off of three concerts (Chicago at Baltimore, Temptations at Maryland, Dead at Georgetown). That's a pretty heavy slice of bread.

Erlich also promoted the ill-fated Kinks concert last year, failing to inform ticket-buyers that the Kinks would not be appearing due to the illness of the drummer, a fact well-known in the industry and to Erlich almost a full week before the concert. Strangely, emphasis shifted to the appearance of the Youngbloods on the bill, though the Kinks were still the headliners. After the concert, a promise was made to honor tickets at a future Kinks concert yet when the group did return, it was not for Erlich, but at the small Emergency club. The arrangement with Emergency to honor Kinks' tickets was ridiculously innapropriate and never crystalized.

In August (the 14th to be exact), Erlich signed exclusivity contracts with two major radio stations whereby during the entire week no ads for any other concert could be advertized by those stations. In effect, he also prevented any announcements of a major benefit concert for several underground papers (including WoodWind) and free clinics the night after his Santana concert. However, he did agree that representatives of the newspaper-clinic coalition could make an appeal to the crowd at Santana between sets. When the time came, that agreement was reneged on. What made it all the more painful was that all the papers had been working very hard to save the rock scene by pushing self-control and the avoiding of violence. As a matter of fact, the Santana and Sebastian (Benefit) concerts occasioned the first free WoodWind, a four page Broadside dealing with the rock situation and put out during the week before both concerts. ALL the papers had given extensive coverage to the two concerts, an extension of the work done all summer at the Post Pavilion. It was important to explain to the Santana audience what the benefit concert was all about--- top performers at a uniform low-price ($2.50) in aid of alternative institutions that desperately needed the money. We never got the chance.

One of the reasons we haven't spoken out before now is that we sincerely belived Erlich was making an effort to produce lower-priced, community-oriented shows. After recent experiences, we see the situation with a little more realism. You are not community-oriented when you consciously oversell a house by 1,000 tickets. At least. It's criminally negligent when the safety and lives of your audience form one of the least important aspects of the show. It is a sick mind that envisions people as dollar signs and forgets the value of human life.

Because of the problems at Erlich's concerts, the already diminishing rock scene could suffer additional setbacks. Lisner, at GW, is considering halting all rock concerts. We are not trying to oust Jay Erlich from the promotion business and we're not advocating ripping off his or anyone else's concerts, because that only lowers the audience to the same level of irresponsibility. It's hard for us to be so blunt, because we are losing an advertiser, and for a paper which is supported by advertising, that's a tough step. But we also have to think forward in terms of whether we can keep our heads together about working with people who show so little concern for others and whose major interests lie away from the people. That consideration, more than any other, forced the decision. We are not muckracking, because what we have stated are results, not possibilities. Maybe some group should do an extensive investigation of Erlich and the concert scene, since (with only a few exceptions), he has been involved in every major concert in Washington or Baltimore in the last six months, and that is pretty much the time the troubles started. Something, somewhere is amiss. We will gladly reprint any reply or defense from Erlich, and welcome reader opinion and suggestions. We all have a stake in this matter.

Rock rip-off's days are numbered

POSTSCRIPT THE SECOND-

subtitled(gently) HOW CLEAN WAS MY MEDIA

The recent issue of Quicksilver contained an article(whose headline is reproduced above) which is as fine an example of both rotten writing and slanted journalism as I've seen in quite some time. I'm tired of people who are afraid to speak out against the degrees that Quicksilver goes to, and am frightened that so many people accept their articles as truthful. Sometimes they are, and sometimes they aren't(and no one is denying the need and value of an underground, or alternative press). But when one is involved in a situation and then one sees a slanted article, it is time to speak out. To be plain, the Quicksilver article is a sloppy blend of misquotes and outright falsifications. One point that is made early in the article is that of all the people who were contacted about the article, only one , Mike Schreibman, refused to talk. That decision was with my advice, following a policy set by Quicksilver itself. Quicksilver will not talk to the establishment press because it has never gotten a particularly good deal from that quarter. A smart policy, apparently, and wise for Mike, who has never gotten a good deal from QT, and has in fact, had several run ins, particularly as a result of QTs ruining of the well-intentioned NOW LOVE Festival last year. Mike explained that to QT, but they failed to mention that. They did mention that he promoted many concerts and once managed Emergency. In the last year, Mike was involved with Arlo Guthrie(& Mountain), The Who(at GU), Mountain(at CU) and most recently the Byrds(again at CU). However, in terms of time, and number of concerts, he was responsible for the weekly free concerts on the Mall all summer, every Sunday. FREE. Dig on that. Also, he was helping set up numerous benefits, including trying to set some up for QT. Those facts are very relevant to his decision, yet they were completly disregarded.

Mike Oberman, manager of Claude Jones, was quoted as saying that his group won't play if tickets were above $2. The real implication was that $2 was about as much as Claude Jones thought it should charge for itself when they were the main attraction. Mike is right in that local bands have control over local prices, and for the most part they have always exercised it. →

(cont.)

Mike Henely of Claude Jones spoke out for free concerts, on a voluntary basis, which Quicksilver stretched into meaning that "community people would be less likely to trash concerts since they'd feel bands are doing them a service." Which is simple blackmail. It's ironic that QT in no way supported the free concerts on the mall, which were for the most part poorly attented, particularly by people from "the community."

Mitch Litman is quoted as a local promoter and DJ(which he is an ex- of now). It fails to mention that he handles promotion for all of Jay Erlich's concerts. His group, the Mother Truckers, is no longer his group at all, and at the Grand Funk concert, Erlich and Litman didn't think enough of this fine group to make use of them. Omissions such as these do not give a very complete picture of an individual. It makes for a better understanding of Litman's statement that "anything is better than nothing at all."

The prices of $6 to $10 for tickets were thrown around by QT, a figure far above any actual ticket prices so far. Another unfair position to work from. No one is into those prices, and it is ridiculous to relate to them.

Feg the Yippie states "If the choice is between rip-off concerts and no concerts at all, the answer has to be no concerts at all, because the concerts no longer are a part of the people's culture." Fine. I have always wondered about that elusive quantum known as "the people". It seems that one is "of the people" not merely out of choice, but out of being. The difference between the number of people inside a concert and those outside becomes interesting in relation to the fact that the concert-goers, very much in the majority, are not considered "of the people", because they pay for something that has come up and which they wish to support. I have never understood who makes the decisions for the people, but it seems to me that is rock concerts are no longer a part of the people's culture", then "the people" could stay away and leave the concerts' to those who can still relate to this primitive form of entertainment. But I have heard that "the people" are defenders of other"the people" who have not reached a higher level of consciousness and awareness, so logic need not apply to the situation. The point is that trashing and hurting people who don't see things the way you do is immature and not really all that indicative of understanding or tolerance. (those were big words back in the early 60's).

There are outright lies in the list of Facts given by QT. In August, they claim that hundreds of fire-crackers were hurled on stage at the Caravan of Love concert in protest of the filming, which they felt was using the people. In truth, no such thing happened. Some fire-cracker-like devices were used during a set by Alice Cooper. That's all. No enraged "people".

The June incident involving Procol Harum and Blodwyn Pig is also reprted out of proportion. People were not "admitted free" but crashed the fences, both inside and out, doing damage to property, but more importantly, hurting ushers who were trying to keep a sense of order.

The QT analysis of the Who concert is also false. It was a badly managed concert, but it was not sold out way before the concert date, as they very calmly state. The reserved seats were sold out, with 5,000 seats going on sale the night of the concert. 15,000 people showed up for those seats, and that definitely created a problem.

At the Grand Funk-RFK Stadium gig, the rampaging audience was a result of the Grand Funk music, a pretty common occurence, and certainly not a result of the drug busts in the stands. If QT were trying to provoke an incident there, it seems kind of late.

And finally, QT reports that at the Traffic concert, some cat was shot by a rent-a-cop. That charge was never valid or proven, and damage to the gym was about $4,000, not over $15,000, as they state.

The point of all this nit-picking is that the QT article is wildly inacurrate. They have adapted the statements of certain people to fit a point of view that was apparently decided before the article was written. Guiding the gist of an article is fine, as long as it is done honestly. This was not the case, and I felt I had to speak out. I hold not immediate answers, but have been working and talking to many people. If any of our readers have ideas or opinions, then let us know. As was stated earlier, we all have a stake in this community.

Richard Harrington

There is a new hall for rock in Baltimore(or just outside it, anyways) that should be taken notice of. It is Painter's Mill Music Fair, a cousin of Shady Grove. Concerts there are put on by Tree Frog Productions from Baltimore, and the concerts are a fine example of well-run, friendly concerts(the kind we seldom see in Washington). The first show held there featured Leon Russell and Elton John, and was one of the best shows I have ever seen. One of the things that made it work was the co-ordination of the people working there, the behavior of the obviously happy crowd, and the sound system, which is also the best I have ever heard in concert. Seating is in the round, though for some concerts, certain sections will not be sold(to give everyone a good seat, rather than try to make extra monaey at the expense of the audience.)The most recent concert was with Eric Clapton, as Derek and the Dominoes. There were no problems, the sound was once again perfect, and a lot of people have been very happy to discover a grand place to enjoy the best rock has to offer. There will be a cavalcade of concerts in the future, so pay attention, and patronize this unique hall- Painter's Mill Music Fair in Maryland.

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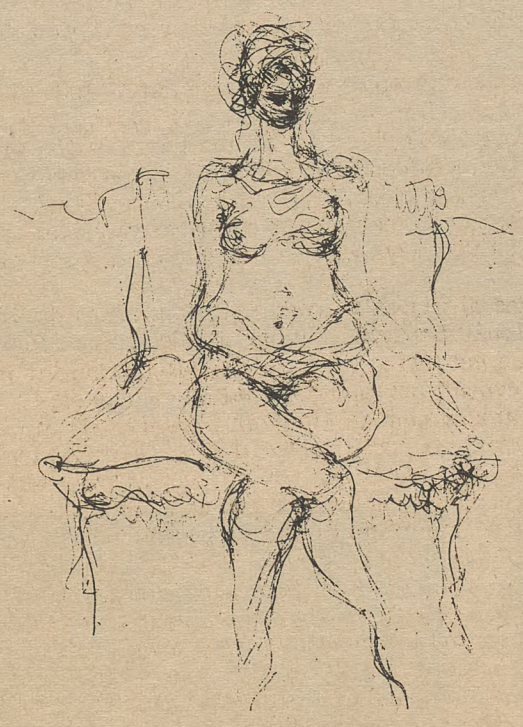

This fine original etching, titled "Seated Nude", has a fine history. It was done by artist John Sirica for the benefit of the Washington Free Clinic. All work and material were donated by John, and now the prints are available at Georgetown Graphics (3209 O St. , NW). Cost is only $15, with all proceeds going to support the clinic. This is one particular example of an artist and a shop-owner caring for the welfare of the people. Patronize, and consequently help the clinic.

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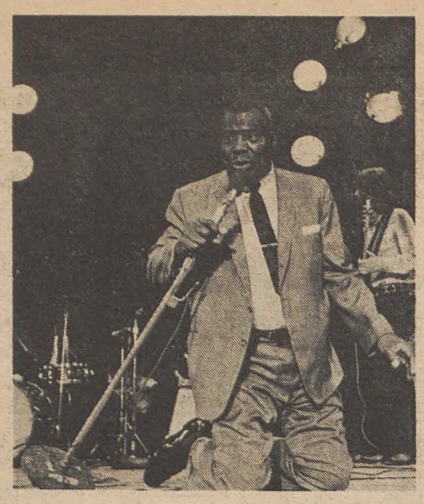
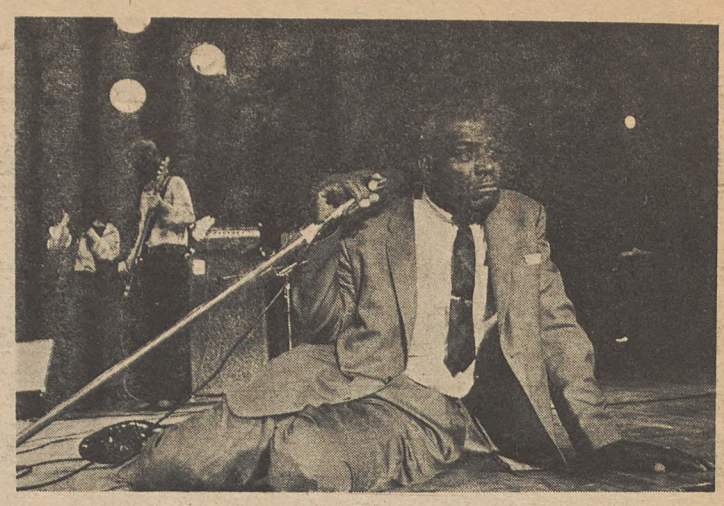




HOWLIN' WOLF

MUDDY WATERS

LUTHER ALLISON + JR. WELLS

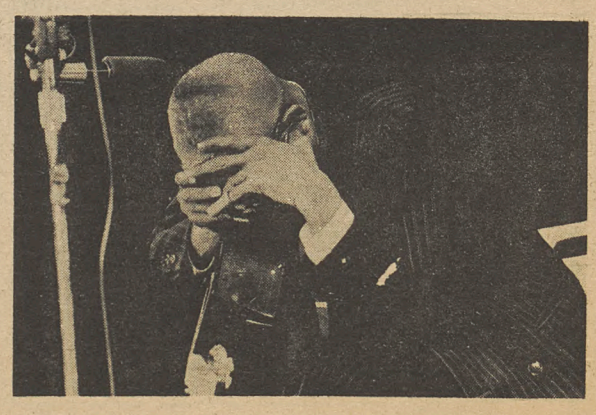
J B HUTTO

MISSISSIPPI FRED McDOWELL

the first D C Blues Festival was BEAUTIFUL!

PHOTOS BY MICHAEL SALZBURG

B B KING



FURRY LEWIS

November 5th, 6th, and 7th were truly historic nights. These were the nights of the First Blues Festival held in the Washington area and the first Blues Festival organized and sponsored by the Black Community. There was a slight degree of irony in that the audience was predominantly white all three nights. However, as Topper Carew, head of the New Thing Art and Architecture Center and one of the members of the advisory committee has stated, these festivals are part of a series to educate the community as to their cultural and historical roots. He said that it is a "myth", perpetuated by the industry, that young blacks do not the Blues. He considers the Washington festival a definite success since the other blues festivals he has attended recently did not have nearly the percentage of blacks as did the one at Howard University. His aim is to have these festivals become blacker and blacker, not to the exclusion of whites, but with a totally educated black community which is aware of its musical culture.

However, the degree of blackness and its desirability in order to appreciate the blues seemed to be disputed by M. C. Ralph Metcalf. His attempt to put down the white audience and say that they were imitating the black music was sheer bullshit. One does not have to have had identical personal situations to appreciate an art. It transcends situation, reaching at a universal; and if young whites can find their own frustrations and emotions in the songs of black artists, then Ralph Metcalf should have been proud instead of uptight.

The show itself opened with the African Heritage Dancers and Drummers, which was appropriate. They served the purpose of getting the audience up, and gave a fine perfromance.

There was a detour from the Blues with a stop over in psychedelic Detroit. This was The Soul Searchers, and I think they must still be searching. There was no reason for them to be on the bill. They were imitative, and poorly so at that. They were billed as a combination of Latin, African, rock, soul and others, and they were. All at once.

Muddy Waters, slightly hurt from an accident, played only three numbers, which is still plenty of good Waters. B. B. King was the highlight of the night. It is a transcending experience watching him. He cleches his fist and reaches up on his toes for the notes. He shouts and whispers and laughs, and you do the same right along with him, not out of imitation, but because he gives you the blues. Jimi Hendrix once said that the idea of the blues was that if you didn't have them when you came in, then they'd give you some to take home. And B. B. King did.

Unfortunately, Richie Havens came on after B. B., which was a bit of poor scheduling. Anyone after King would have been anti-climactic and Havens knew it. He said, "I'd have to walk on water to follow that act." He did "Maggie's Farm" and his last number "Freedom" finally got a reception. He danced around and the audience woke up even though it was three a. m.

Friday night was all blues. No one lost out. Libba Cotton, one of the few female singers (Bernive Reagan was the other), sang old country songs and did her own song 'Freight Train", playing right-handed guitar upside down. Furry Lewis, 77 years old, gave a touch of the good time hour to the show. He ran around the stage, during his and all the other performers sets. He waved and beamed, and sang the original version of "The St. Louis Blues".

Mississippi Fred McDowell played all of the tricks in the book on his electric guitar, from slides and picking to combinations. Some of his vocals were drowned out by the loud amplification of the guitar.

J. B. Hutto is Chuck Berry's uncle, I'm convinced. He came out wearing a 1950 mustard colored sagging silk suit and a white shirt that was once very good. But when the man did a slide up and down the neck of the guitar, the audience never sat back in their seats. He sang "Got up this Mornin' Blues", "I Saw My Baby Moan", "35th Street". Doing a version of the stroll across the stage drove the audience wild. Standing in the background for his entire set was Luther Allison. He played somewhat like Hendrix and did splits and rolled over on the stage, and made numerous sexual gestures toward his guitar.

Howlin' Wolf came on last, and was the usual tail dragger. He is very stage conscious, which is appealing since too many perfor mers show no concern for the audience. Firstly he was drunk and kept saying that everyone would have to forgive him for his manner since he was from Mississippi and didn't know any better. He went into this little speech about Decoration Day and how the reason that we were there was because of what his generation did in the first two world wars. For the first time in two nights, Silence descended in Crampton Auditorium. The Wolf suffered since it was the second night and the last act, but his enthusiasm kept everybody else going.

There should be a small award for endurance. It goes to the bass player who played Friday, through J. B. Hutto, and Luther Allison and Howlin" Wolf. Randy Fullerton did all this, and even if his eyelids were closing at two a. m., he was really good

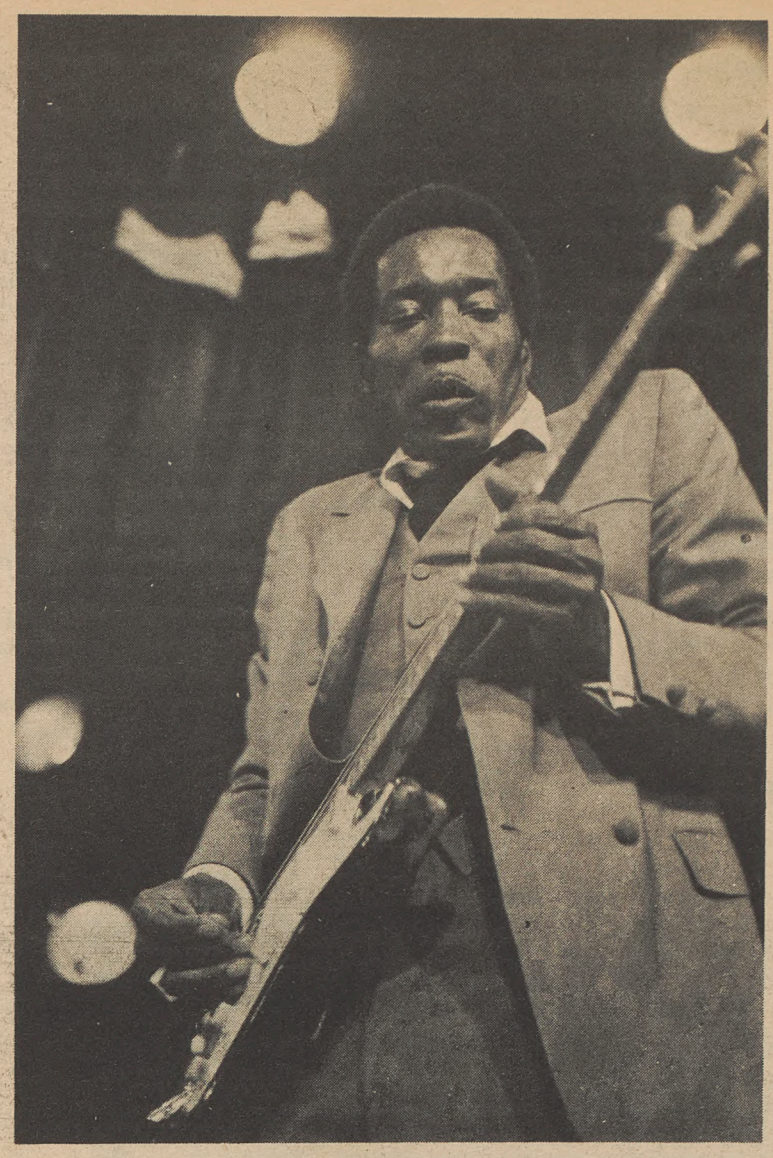
Saturday night was superstar night again. Sleepy John Estes, Hamie Nixon and Yank Rachell played together. This was country blues at their finest. When Yank was playing the mandolin, he said, "I don't understand why more people don't play mandolin. You can play the blues on anything if you have them."

Buddy Guy came out for a brief solo performance doing "Sunshine of Your Love", before Mance Lipscomb came out. Mance had been sitting all of Friday and Saturday nights on the stage, listening to all the performers, eating apples and talking to the stage hands. He sang "Black night, What Makes Your Head So Hard" and "Nobody Treats You Like Your Mother DO". Mance, just sitting there, playing the blues.

Then the supers. Buddy Guy and Junio Wells. These men have their routines down to perfection without becoming slick and commercial. They sang and joked together. Once when Junior had been off stage he returned and took the mike away from Buddy Guy. Buddy said, "Hey, I wasn't finished". "You were finished when I came on the stage", said Junior. But all for fun. The JAM was the highlight of the entire festival. Luther Allison, J. B. Hutto, Junior Wells and Buddy Guy. This was the final statement and expression of the festival. Here was the sheer joy of performing for others, the joy of having an audience dig it, the joy of having others good musicians to play with. They hugged each other, kidded each other, and took turns playing. J. B. Hutto came across as the star of the night. He shoved his fist out at the audience and shouted "You Been Mean To Me, Woman". He frowned and his guitar was smooth and he took you from the heights to the depths of the blues. Hutto's exuberance in being there and that of all of the other artists too swept over the audience, and infected it with the same thrill--the thrill of being a part of it. One of the best things about the blues is the sense of closeness that they give. Leadbelly once said "They [the Blues] want to talk to you. You got to tell them something..." That is the key to this mutual experience. All of the Bluesmen kept saying, "Are you happy?" but they knew. It was there.

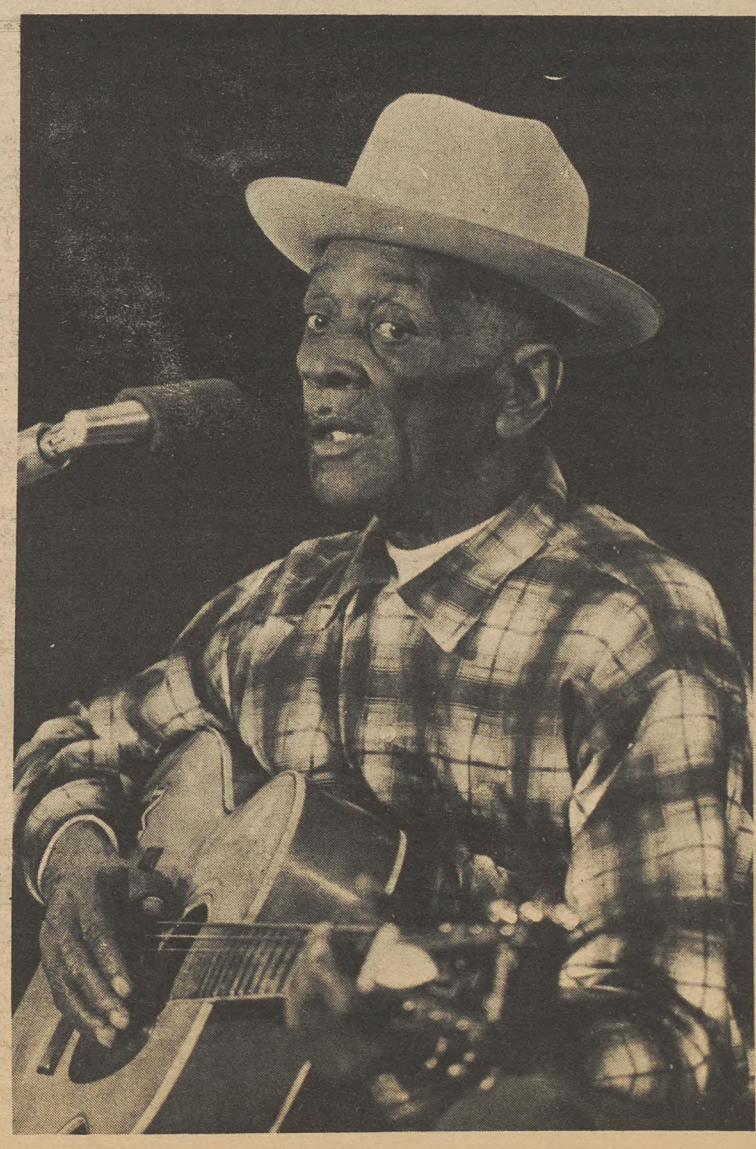
You were drained and exhausted and someone would sing about some journey and then before you knew it, they'd made everything all right. And everything was all right. It was a great Blues festival.

TONI CRAMER



BUDDY GUY
ICON - LARRY LISSNER

GUY, M. DOWELL, WELLS
ICON - CHARLES TOMPKINS



FURRY LEWIS
ICON - LARRY LISSNER

sleeping at altamont

you come
unexpectedly
one night,
and knock
at my door.
I call out,
half-asleep,
to come in.
you come
to find me
lying with
someone, and
you almost
leave before
you see
I am alone.

I come
unexpectedly
one night,
and knock
at your door,
to ask you
for a walk,
to tell you
I am going.
wet branches,
and your face
down, against
the rain, is
what I can see
of the night.

you come
one night
in spring,
take the note
I've left,
off the opened
door. you lie
on the bed,
waiting for me
to return.
morning sunlight,
as I leave
the room,
pulling the
curtains closed
to let you sleep.

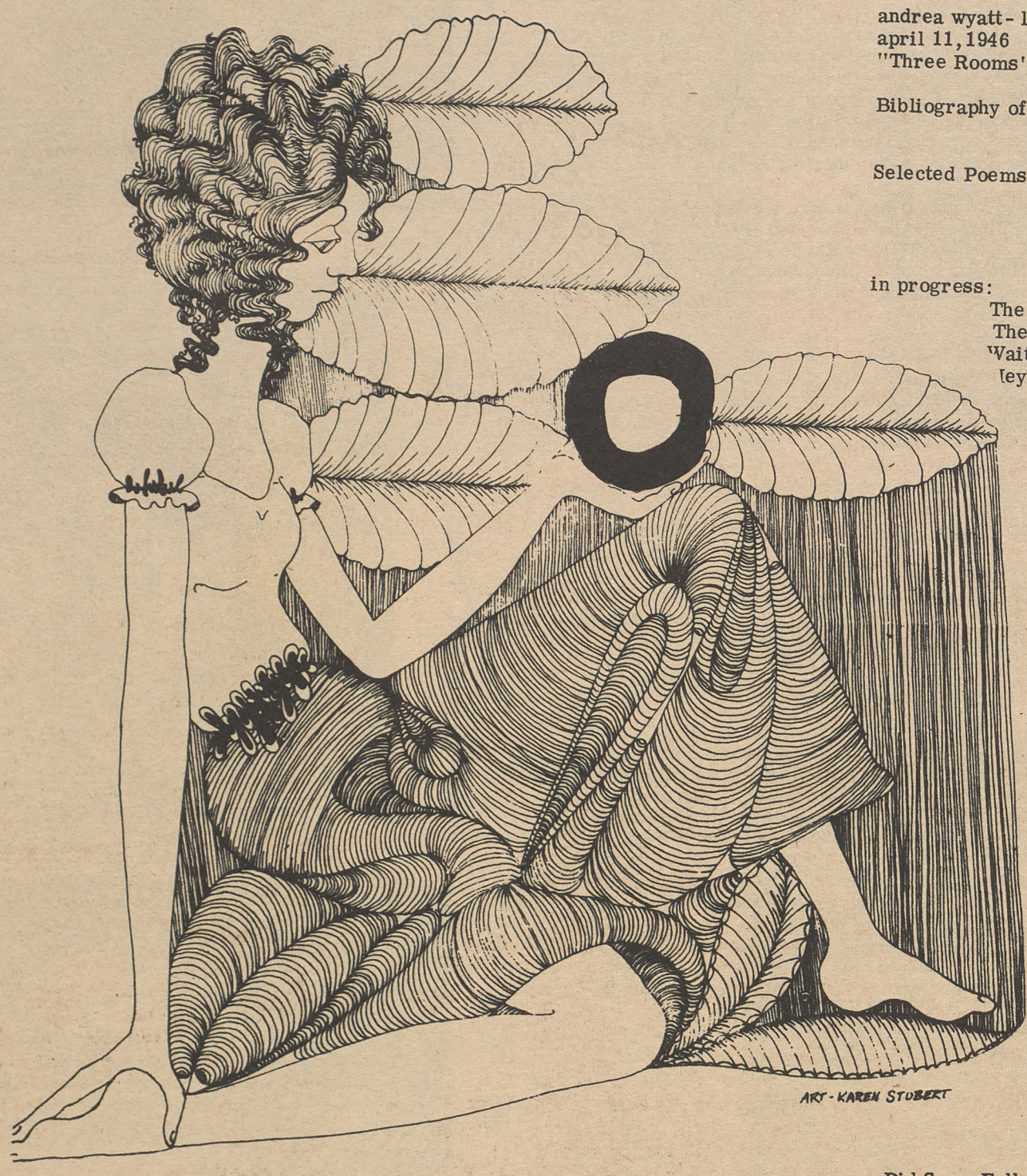
I travel
for hours
one night,
to meet you
in the rain.
we lie
for a while
in the dark
rented room,
until I go
away again.
we dressed-
I watched you
in the mirror,
in the room's
yellowed light.

you come
again,
the door's
half-opened
as you
pull me down
to the rug-
you come
through the
dark fields,
carrying boxes
to build the
fire up-
I lie watching
you walk across
the dry grass-
the dry grass
the dry hills
that hold us
to the flatlands
when we could
be climbing-

o love
I am dreaming
of us, waking
when the light
comes, waking
as you trace
the light
moving
over my body.

Perelandra

with you my skin
was burning ibis wings
of flame, flying through
the midst of inland seas,
jeweled crust, the
heraldic emblems
of lichen steaming in
great wet forests, moving
past live oaks and into
darkness.
it's birds with wingspans
of a thousand feet
shielding our mad eyes,
and we become them- we are
those birds flung against
each other, phoenix and ibis,
fables of long wings
that mate and mate until
sunrise or death.



The Silence

The silence in the center of despair
shrouds every wounded passion with dulled care,
slowly reaches inside the memory
trying to murder any trace of love,
and instead of aching forgetfulness,
in place of pain, the cynical justice,
that, as being a self-inflicted wound.
I spend a morning forgetting your face.
Even beginning to learn the lesson
is to clumsily touch the pain's edges,
is to begin to bind myself to dreams
of dark places I want to be blind to-
then the placing of love is as fragile
at the end as in any dream of it.

Nov. 1970

C.S. Lewis

This constant anniversary of war
was no miscalculation- we all knew
just how long before complete surrender.

The poets drifting in the small nightmares,
the craftsmen ripping out feathers of birds,
and the painters spattering their own heads.

All our ground is skewered with broken men,
our mouths dumb, and our bodies broad sewers
that continue to bathe the streets with blood,
and are fullfilling the promise of death.

Everyone of us is the same bent man
stalking to kill what is needed to live:
And this land that is dearest to us- torn
the blade dispassionately sinking in.

andrea wyatt- living in Berkeley
april 11, 1946
"Three Rooms" bk of poems published by oyez 1970
Bibliography of Works by Larry Eigner to be published by Oyez winter, 1970
Selected Poems of Larry Eigner edited by Andrea Wyatt and Sam Charters to be published by Oyez, sometime 1971.
in progress:
The Flag Kid(play)
The Stream(prose poem)
Waiting for Day(poems)
[illegible]ey--(novel)

Did Snow Fall

did snow fall
while we were asleep
(and melt) and all the seasons,
did they change, and then
it was winter again?
I got up once to close
the windows, and pull
another blanket over us
and you sleep quiet
as snow fall-
I had a shower to get warm
and then a cup of tea
by the window and watched
you sleep- after a while
I crawled back in with you
and fell asleep
against your arm.
did snow fall
while we were asleep
(and melt) and all the seasons,
did they change, and then
it was winter again?

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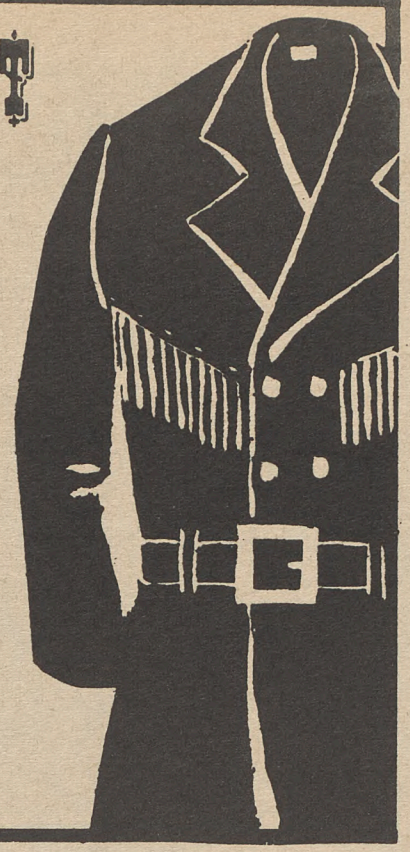
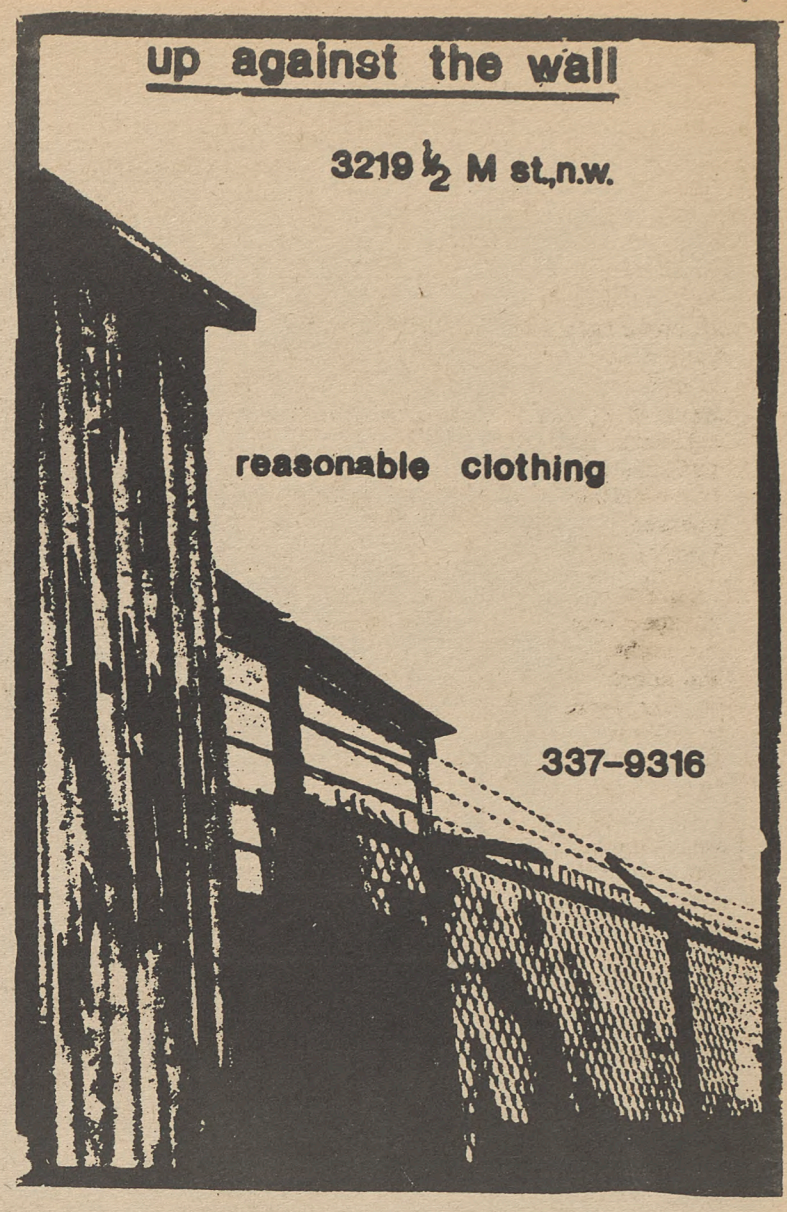


up against the wall

3219 ½ M st,n.w.

reasonable clothing

337-9316



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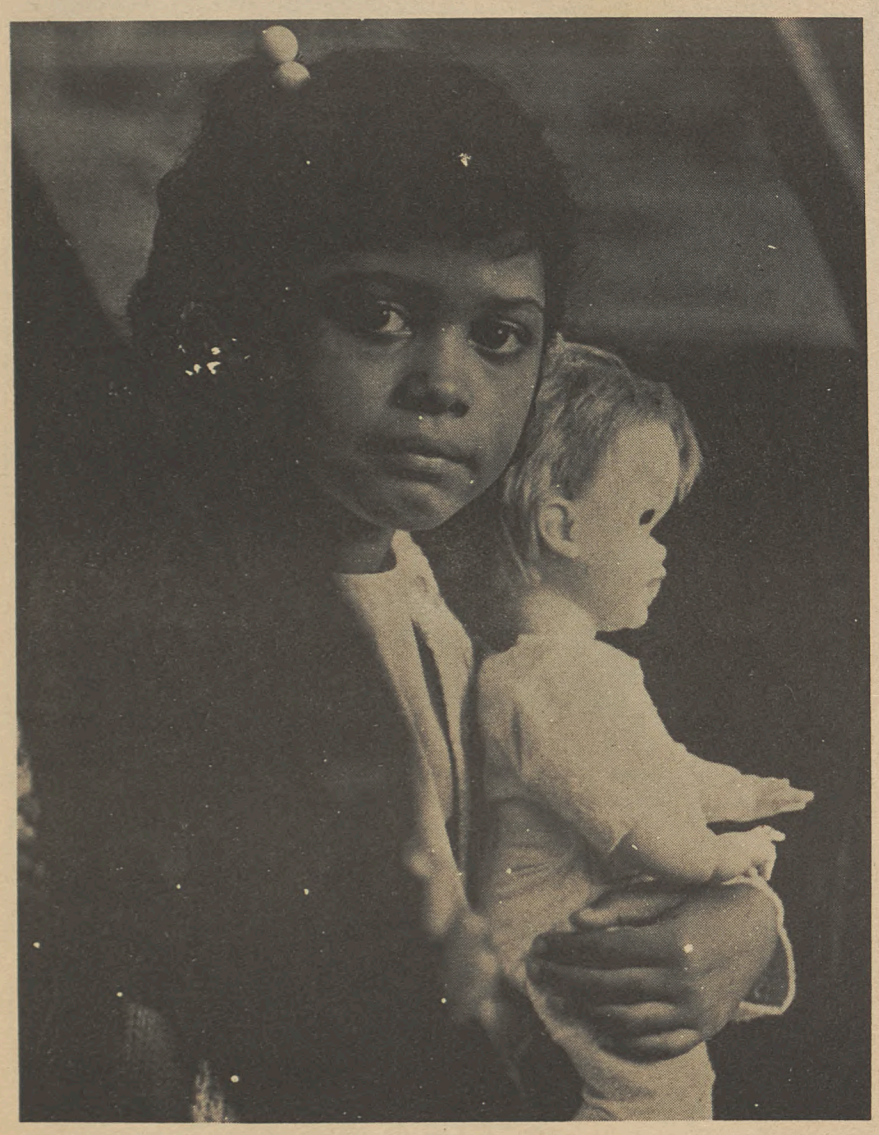
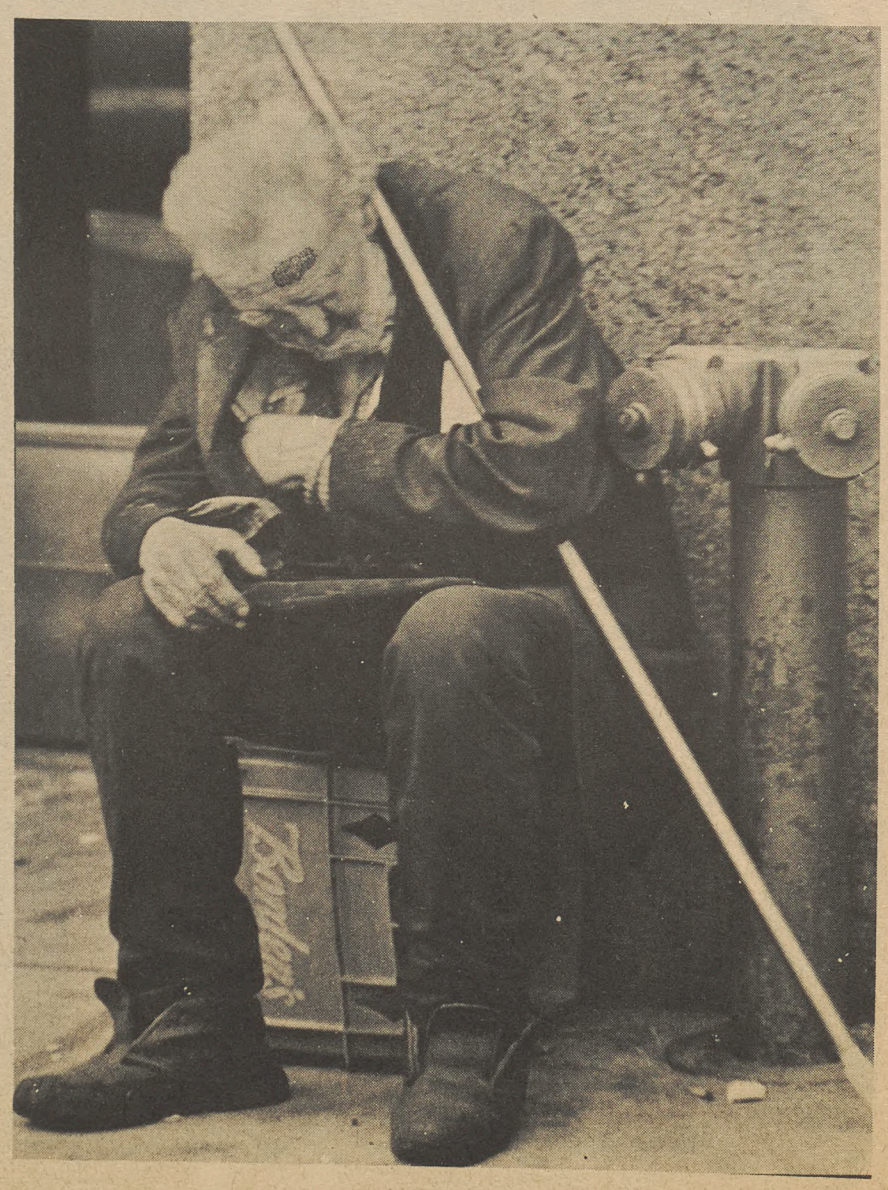
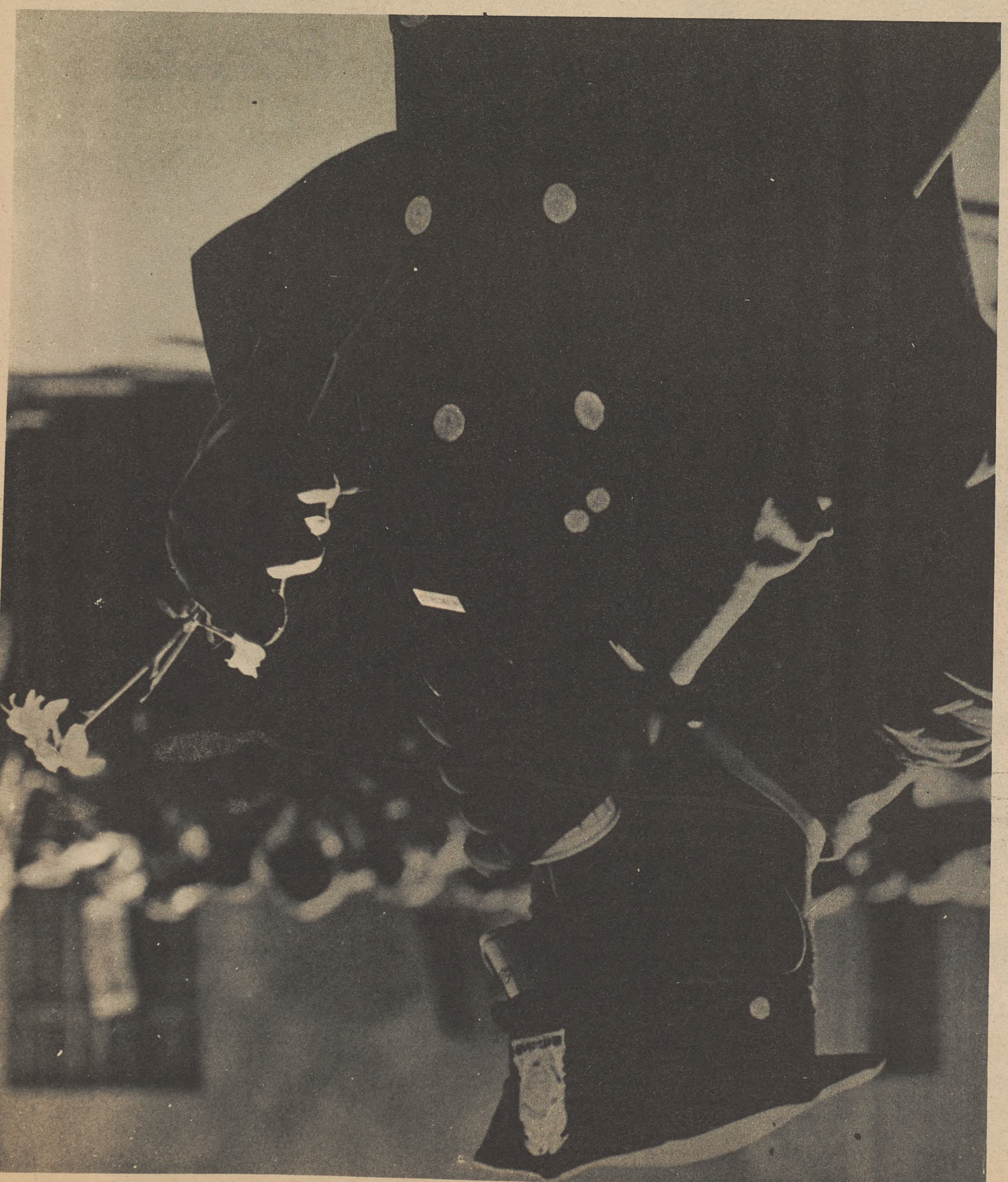


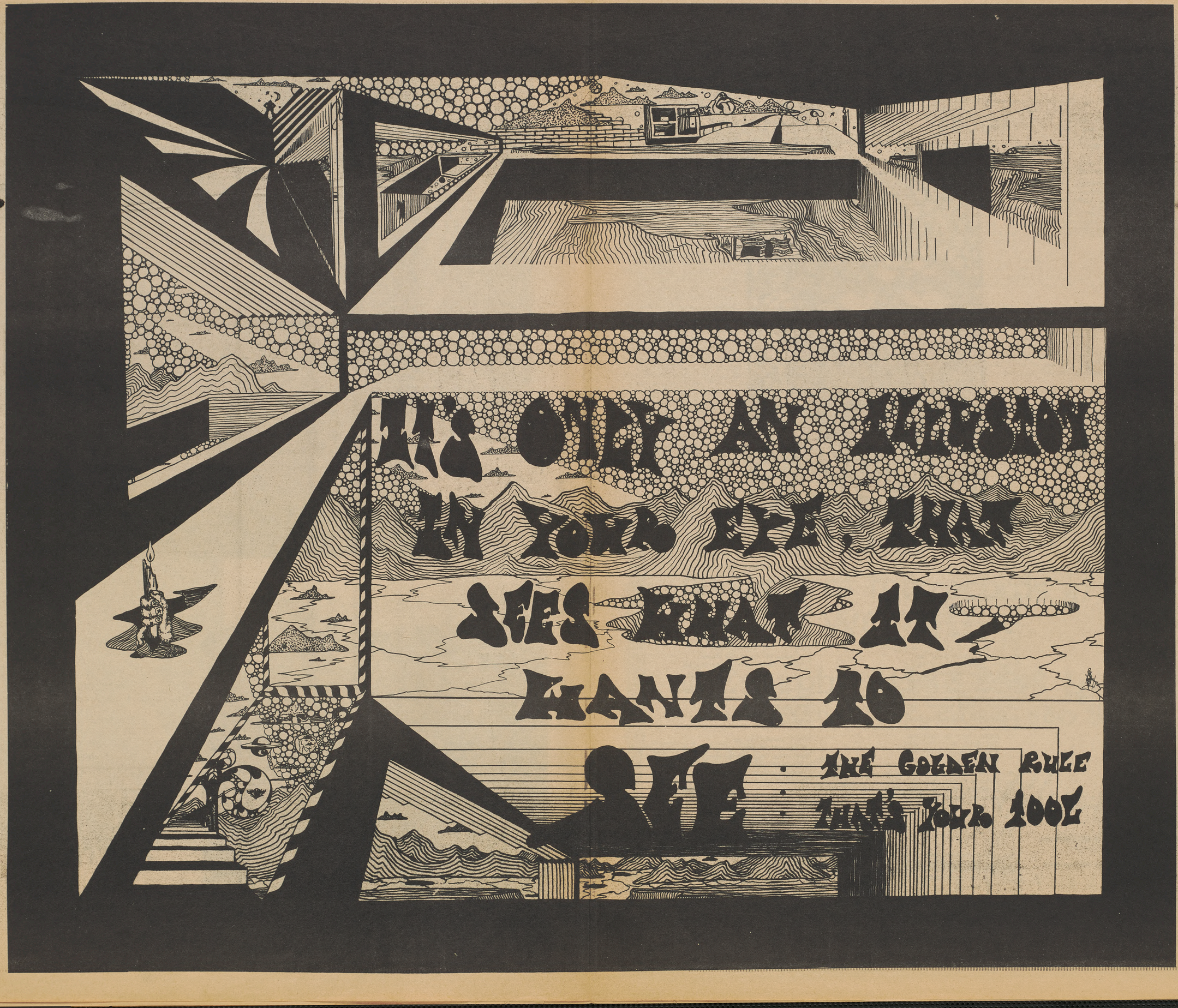

Rawlings

HOOS

GUNTHER

People. So many kinds.
No stereotypes. It can't
work that way. You can
only take the individual
and make the sum of all
people. And to find the
heart of the people, you
have to find the depth of
each individual first. Get
to know people. They are
all around you.




AS ONE AN ALIEN
IN YOUR EYE, THAT
SEES WHAT IT
WANTS TO
SEE.
THE GOLDEN RULE
THAT'S YOUR LOOT

MOODS
PERHAPS

drawing by hollis williams

In this room

In this room I count the hours
As I once counted your blushes.
I open drawers and peer like a
Wide-eyed child awaiting some
Soft hand to reach up and
Stroke my brow. There are many drawers.
They are all the same.
I've been known to count the
Letters in your name. I call
Them out one at a time,
Chanting up your apparition
Of white breasts and dreamy smiles.
The dog is disgusted with this whole
Continuing ritual of sorrow and pity.
He invites me to chase rabbits
Or rub his nose.
I buy records and books -
All to keep me away from myself

One time this was all unnecessary
I lived in the tunnel of your stare.
We could share each others lonely moments.

I walk under the autumn canopy now,
The skeletons of seek pods and leaves
Keep my attention now, hold my world
In place.

In place
Until I think again of you.

You have a few beers
Or a joint
And no longer is it the day
But night, and brothers
Are far apart.

You watch from the corner
Tennis shoed blond girls
Walk quietly to the cigarette machine
And pull the knob out,
The pack drops down.
There are twenty
Enough to share

She sits and stares at you
Across the room.
Her thoughts are yours
But they remain still.

Another beer.
You leave.
A short poem
Impatient
To be finished.

Sonnet at None O'Clock

Fine delineations of blue ink,
The details of a confused mind
Find their way in curves and lines
Across the once blank page.

How to write poetry, to pull the pain together,
To gather bored glances from other faces,
To catch smiles in the wind, and
Let them find their own way alone.

Endless concessions to avoid love, contact.
The small circles and lines are like a winter scene
Placed naked against the gray sky -
Alawys there to be ordered, arranged
Patterned out of the wind, like the fine lace
With which you cover your body.

LARRY FOX

Dialogue of the night

In a bedroom two struglled in fury
To make ends meet, points touch,
End the beginning.
The exhaustion and disgust
Lay like a cloud upon them,
Covered them in a stale and dry brush fire
That burned too long, too far into
The orange horizon.
Lift up and feel the air rush between them.
It comes from beneath
Where ice and earth,
Fire and water
In elemental simplicity
Stop time and form the night.

A Gentleman's Death

With undefinable delicacy and an
Assured glance at the window,
He crushed soundlessly
His cigarette out in the egg yolk.
Like the Klee on the wall
Spider webs wrapped his eyes in red,
And the feathered wings of his bow tie
Flapped against the stale air.
"Waiter, Butterfly me an olive,
Flower my soft brimmed derby,
Lay moss and rock at my slippered feet,
Ask the dawn to wait for the dusk."
A pear had pearls and white wine flowed into red
Like ink dropping tearfully into water.

She arrived in silk and leather
Sleeplessly absurd in a vison of moonlight.
Come, have tea with me,
Lie beside me in the dark.
Sear my thighs with iron,
Return to dust.

A stretched rage lay upon his face as
They pulled his torso up by the hair
And, notwithstanding his sprung-wide eyes,
Laughed at the egg on his face.

Dialogue of the night

How many times, lover, have
Their faces
Sullen and dark
Pitied your fearful glance
Of ice and glass ?
Your vagabond eyes betray
The questions that morning
Erases and daylight blinds.

You met one once
That wet night underground
In a maze of voices and stares.
A subterranean cave where you hid.

Alone you longed for the sun.

He came to you out of rock and sand-
Trees veined his forehead
Snow froxe his lips,
Shadows washed the blood
From his brow.

You welcomed him as a
Cat welcomes flesh.
Have some tea. a cigarette
Stay and tell me of the secrets
You keep locked in yourmind.
(They had met once before in the twilight
in the womb)

With your arms like vines
your hair like veins
You could entangle my body in the earth.

They cut with fire the rope to above.
None there felt the gravity of life change
The slight pulse like a moan in the dark
Only killed a child here
A flower there.
The concrete did not crack
Nor did cities fall
Only a vein of a leaf split
And filled the air with mist and rain.

Poetry by Larry Fox

THEATER

RUTH STENSTROM

THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC

As you sit in the theater and the lights dim, you wait in expectation for that shiver of pleasure that vibrates the room with an upbeat of music---rock music.

After the first three or four songs in the show you are still waiting for someone to push the button or plug in the mike or turn on the amps, so that something better than the tempo of low key folk songs or chamber music will happen to involve you....

And the frustration grows, because having seen and really heard and really felt THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC about a month ago in New York, I know that the songs which could have been show-stoppers or head-nodders came off somewhere between warm milk and cold soup.

And if you don't have these vibrations going for you, a together rock group that comes across with energy and excitement., you are on your way to getting a bad review. While the "Zeitgeist" (singers Delores St. Armand, Michael Forella and Jamil Zakkai)- later give an inkling of their talent, somebody at Washington Theater Club either through intent or technical snafu " turned off" SWEET ISAAC before he was done in.

The "1970 Musical by Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford" is an Obie-award winning off-Broadway show (still running in NYC) that poses, in two zany encounters, some interesting and perhaps not too frivolous questions about our supertechnological media oriented society.

The first encounter takes place between 33-year old'life poet' Isaac (Christian Grey) and a secretary, Ingrid(Carole Prandis) in a stuck elevator. The company(under the direction of Davy Marlin-Jones) has taken a hilarious, unbelievable seduction scene and kept it just that--unbelievable. Both give passable performances, and have passable singing voices, but neither encourages our sympathy or involvement.

They improve in the second episode. This time Isaac is 19 and in jail for demonstrating and Miss Prandis plays Alice, a flower child demonstrator in a seperate cell. The two communicate and fall in love via monologues into TV cameras, which are then transmitted into the televisions in their cells(the question of "what is reality?" gets involved here somewhere). While at times one felt the intention and feeling of their characters, one misses the magnetism of Alice Pleyten(the Alka Seltzer girl) and Austin Pendleton in the parts.

The musical score in itself is very entertaining, with the soft "A Transparent Crystal Moment", the rousingly done "Yes I Know That I'm Alive", by Dolores St. Amand, and the moving "Somebody Died Today". Also a show-stopper in New York was "My Most Important Moments Go By". My best advice about the show, is that if you really want to see it, go to New York.

BURY THE DEAD & BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME,,

Back Alley Theater has retained its reputation again as one of the few places where the theatergoer is not only entertained and exposed to new talent, but also is enriched. Following the successful run of FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES, they now have two equally excellent productions--BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME, a spoof on the middle-clss-American-family-in-the-midst-of-the-Viet-Nam-war way of life by Terrance McNally, complemented by Irwin Shaw's strong Pulitzer prize indictement of war written in 1936, BURY THE DEAD.

The first one-acter skillfully parodies the typical suburban family (which for some of us is either too painfully or humorously familiar). Slowly we are introduced to the members of Jimmy's family(Jimmy[Denny Salvaryn] has just returned home from Viet-Nam in a casket.) First we meet 9th-grader Johnny, expressively played by Jon Rutledge, a naive pot enthusiast embarrassed by his virginity, whose favorite pasttime is fighting with his flirtateous, cheer-leading, older sister(well playedby Robin Kronsdadt("If a girl doesn't get in trouble these days, there must be something wrong with her.") And of course Father, convincingly characterized by Tom Marston, makes obscene phone calls and chides Johnny about being a "man", while proving his own masculinity on the bowling team. Margo Barnett beautifully captures the essence of Mother, constantly under the hair dryer, living in her own housewife-dream-world("I swear, doesn't anybody read TIME magazine anymore?")

Their antics are capped off by an all-too-revealing TV interview of them draped over Jimmy's casket by the unsympathetic, militant Miss Horne, played with verve and style by Jan Baker.

The off-white humor of these absurd circumstances is handled with belie-vability abd excellent characterizations under the competent direction of Richard Rivera, a welcome newcomer to Washington's theater. With exceptional teamwork, the players have suceeded in creating three-dimentional characters rather than stereotypes in a satire which is both pertinent and funny.

After the promising performances of the first play, one does not have to wonder for long wether the second show will sustain this calibre. Immediately you are in a fox-hole in the middle of a war-zone, an ingeneous and well-executed set designed by Gordon Kennedy, and you find yourself immersed in the philosophical implications of four dead soldiers who stand up in their graves and refuse to be buried. This is counterpointed by the impotent responses of the military establishments, trying to convince the resolute corpses that to be buried is the patriotic, American thing to do. BURY THE DEAD is well directed by John Wentworth, who founded the Washington Theater Club.

Outstanding and moving performances are given by Melvin Bruce as one of the dead soldiers and his remaining wife, Bess, portrayed by Margot Barnett. Other noteworthy characterizations are given by Ann Fulton as the poor, frustrated widow of one of the men; Lynnie Raybuck as the shallow sexy, "patriotic" girl friend of one of the corpses; Ed Uttridge as the rebelling, attendant soldier; and Paul Bazemore as the bumbling, powerless general.

A flaw of the play is the haphazard updating of its events to the present time. We are certainly involved in a war, but savings bond rallies, USO dances and rationing are not a part of our experience today. Besides, the play is even more effective if one realizes that it is a product of over 30 years ago, when war was more popular.

Both plays pose relevant and meaningful anti-war messages in an effective, yet entertaining evening.

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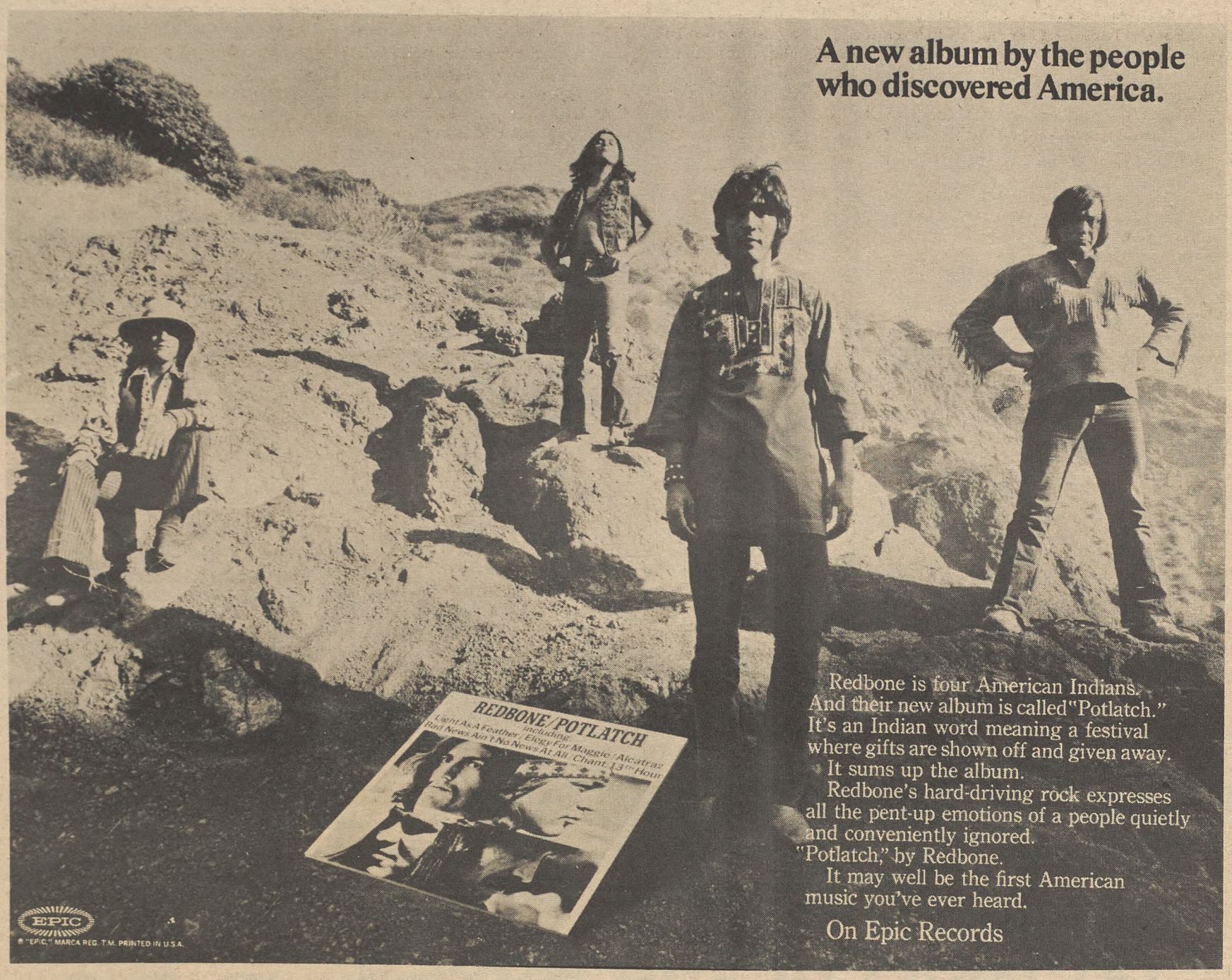
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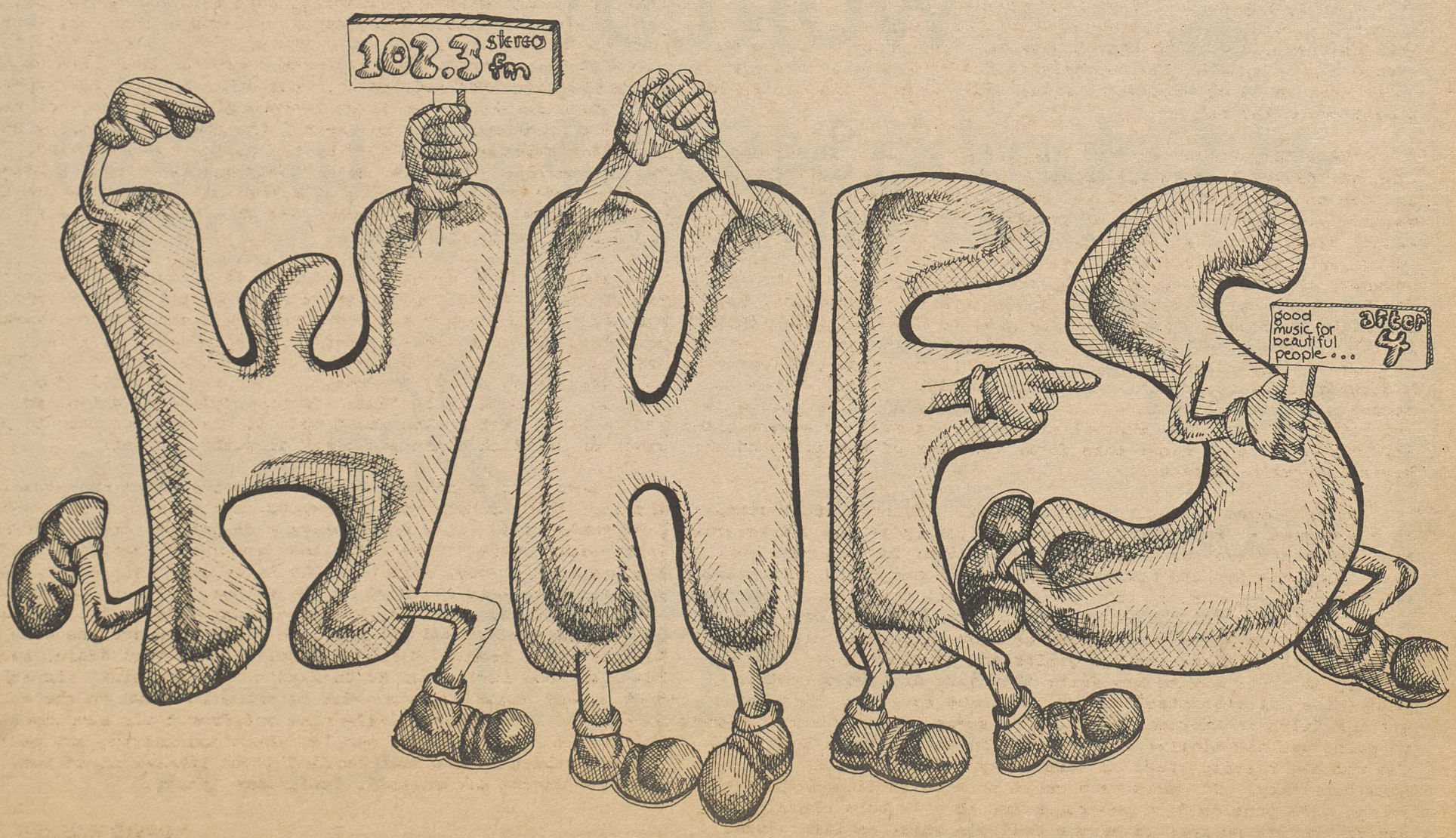

FILM NOTES

DIARY OF A MAD HOUSEWIFE (UNIVERSAL)

On the surface the Balsers are an attractive couple. They live in a spacious apartment on Manhattan's fashionable Central Park West with their two daughters and a dog. Jonathan Balser (Richard Benjamin) is a budding lawyer in a top firm. Tina Balser (Carrie Snodgrass), a Smith graduate, has foregone a career for the role of the dutiful housewife. Despite appearances Tina is, as the title implies, mad. Her madness isn't that of a crazy woman but an angry one. Why? Her husband is a rabid status-seeker with an unbearably supercilious nature, given to occasional, mild histrionic and witless banalities voiced in a sour nasal whine. The children offer no deliverance. They are spoiled, ill-mannered mini-tyrants, pre-teen variations of their father.

At a dismal party Tina meets a successful writer (Frank Langella) who turns her on and they begin an affair. In time, Tina finds her situation has not improved for her lover isn't much better than her husband.

Carrie Snodgrass, in her second major screen role, shines as the rooster-pecked wife and mistress; and shows herself to be a top-flight actress and not just another pretty face or a bubbling personality. As Tina Balser, she paints a beautifully realized portrait of a highly intelligent, upper-middle class housewife trying to cope with a failing marriage. Miss Snodgrass exhibits such inate intelligence, however, that her character's calm acceptance of so many humiliations suffered at the hands of husband, children, lover and would-be friends borders on the masochistic. She is a fascinating actress to watch though because of the facile, naturalistic grace with which she handles her role. She is one of the best new actresses I have seen in quite a while.

Richard Benjamin is obnoxious perfection as the husband. Some critics have taken him to task for playing his part with no positive traits claiming that it made the character unbelievable. However, people in any large metropolitan city from Washington, D. C. to New York should be familiar with Jonathan Balser's particular breed of pompous bastard. As played by Benjamin you can't help hating him even if you identify with him.

Frank Langella plays the roguish heel of a lover, who claims, a few too many times, that he only wants "a sex thing," quite well. His performance is a complex one that hints at any number of psychological hang-ups.

It is no mere coincidence that Tina's lover, in both appearance and temperment, resembles her husband. The children (quite the nastiest pair in the history of cinema), the husband, and the lover reflect the urban malaise - the uptightness, the petty snobbery, and false values - that besets so many large cities, particularly Washington and New York. In a New York magazine interview, director Frank Perry stated that the main objective of both he and his wife (scriptwriter Eleanor Perry) in doing "Diary of a Mad Housewife" was "to show some of the madness of living in New York." In this they have succeeded admirably; in fact Frank (and Eleanor) Perry ("David & Lisa," "The Swimmer," "Last Summer," "Trilogy") have finally succeeded in making a cinematic masterpiece of haunting realism, the type of film everyone though could only come from Europe.

5 EASY PIECES

When I went to see "Five Easy Pieces" (Columbia) I was prepared to dislike it thoroughly owing to a month of unbelievable hassles that I had to go though with the distributors trying to secure a pass and the ridiculously overblown type that was put on it that could of turned any film, regardless of its merit, into a million-dollar hit.

"Five Easy Pieces" is equal to its hype. Jack Nicholson, star of "Easy Rider", plays Robert Dupea who, when the film opens, is seen as an oil rig worker in southern California at home in the hardhat environment that he shares with friends (Bill Bush and Fannie Flagg) and his simple girlfriend, Rayette (Karen Black). Robert is getting tired of his surroundings however. It is soon revealed that he is actually a gifted pianist from a well-known family of musical prodigies. He finds Rayette is pregnant. Toying with the idea of leaving her he goes to see his sister (Lois Smith) in LA who tells him that their father has suffered a stroke. He packs up and returns to Washington where he deposits Rayette in a distant motel before calling on his family. He determines to seduce his brother's fiance (Susan Anspatch), an attractive girl who loves the house and what it stands for as much as Robert hates it. The outcome of his return forms the crux of the film and the key to Robert's character.

Adrien Joyce has written an original screenplay that stands as a monument to the genre. The vast majority of the characters are completely free from cliches of any sort; for the most part Miss Joyce has peopled her story with flesh and blood characters who have minds-a far cry from the mechanical cardboard hicks in Chrles Eastman's "Little Fauss and Big Halsey." The only exception is Miss Joyce's insertion of a butch lesbian hitchhiker (Helena Kallianiotes) and her girlfriend who Robert and Rayette pick up on their way to New York; they just are too overblown. Palm (Miss Kallinaniotes) are on their way to Alaska because of all the filth in America. However, a scene in a restaurant serves to point out the similarities between Dupea and Palm: both find the world a hostile place in which they can only react with even more hostility. It would be a great service to filmgoers if the script were published in paperback for it will be a classic and one of the few scripts to have a definite value as literature.

Jack Nicholson is good at what he does but, after seeing him in previous film, I'm pretty sure the young Southern rebel role is the only one he can handle with any degree of expertise. It really doesn't matter as his performance in this film is a profoundly moving one. It is Nicholson's performance that allows so many filmgoers to identify with him. Why do we sometimes act antisocial, even towards those that mean us no harm" Why do we shrink from commitments or personal involvements" The film gives no answers to any of these questions but it does shed a lot of insight on them. Dupea, in his relationships with women, could very well be a spiritual descendent of Gerald in the film version of D. H. Lawrence's "Women in Love" incapable of loving anyone fully, even himself. Susan Anspatch, the rich pot-smoking sister from "The Landlord", makes an appealing victim. Lois Smith, as Tita, Robert's sister, gives a remarkable portrayal of a controlled hysteric rapidly approaching spinsterhood. Miss Smith was noticeable in another small role several years ago when she played a frightened barmaid in a scene with the late James Dean in "East of Eden."

Director Bob Rafealson has made a provocative, hard-hitting film and, unquestionably, one of the year's best. A scene where a sobbing Robert tries a last-ditch effort at communication with his father (William Chalee) out in the rain indicated Mr. Rafaelson may be the American Ingmar Bergman.

"Five Easy Pieces" is a film that will be on everyone's top ten list at the end of the year and deserves to be. If you miss it you'll be doing yourself a serious disservice.

LITTLE FAUSS AND BIG HALSEY (PARAMOUNT)

You don't have to be a motorcycle enthusiast to enjoy "Little Fauss & Big Halsey" but it sure helps. Fauss (Michael J. Pollard) and Halsey (Robert Redford) are two country bikers who get involved with a spaced out, statuesque blonde (Lauren Hutton). There is very little plot between motorcycle races. Charles Eastman, author of the recently published, highly overrated script, concentrates on character development which was a most unfortunate choice in thi case as all the characters are cardboard. Johnny Cash, the Country Music King, did in the soundtrack which sounds like a speeded up dirge; however, Cash freaks should be thrilled. Robert Redford has the best part while Pollard is reduced to acting the foil for him. Lauren Hutton's dramatic capabilities have improved somewhat since "Paper Lion." In "Fauss & Halsey" she makes the screen's most impressive entrance in quite some time running stark naked and she is beautiful. When she learns how to act, or gets better roles, audiences will get a double treat (if Ann-Margaret and Tuesday Weld can do it, anyone can). The real acting honors of this picture go to Lucille Benson who has the small role as Fauss's mom. Miss Benson has a sweet, motherly, bespeckled countenance that is at once kind and menacing. She and Noah Beery, Jr. (pa) give the most believable performances because one never doubts that they are Southerners. Sidney J. Furie ("The Ipcress File," "The Lawyer," "The Leather Boys") directed with an authentic touch that saves the film from mediocrity. Furie has a knack for superb visuals. Even in his lesser films there is always an image or two that haunts the memory. In "The Lawyer" the scene where Barry Newman and Diana Maldaur are stopped by the police comes to mind. In "Fauss and Halsey" the two main characters take their bikes and engage in some drunken spooking of a herd of sheep. The beauty of this scene and the racing scenes are what make "Little Fauss and Big Halsey" worth seeing.

The overwhelming success of this film represents what could be the start of an endless stream of films dealing with redneck/hardhat heros as Hollywood has blown the youth exploitation market by offering, for every "Easy Rider"or, even, "Zabriske Point", such dreadful tripe as "The Strawberry Statement," "RPM," and "The Magic Garden of Stanly Sweetheart." Despite the tremendous financia success of both Ossie Davis' "Cotton Comes to Harlem" and Melvin Van Peebles' "Watermelon Man," most of the studios seem to have given up on black films and black directors as well.

There's no doubt that there are enough ultra conservatives in America to make Hollywood's jumping on the redneck bandwagon a profitable ride. Alan Arkin plays a drugstore, truck-drivin' man in the forthcoming "Deadhead Miles" and Jon Voight, the mindbending midnight cowboy, will play the title role in the soon-to-be released "All-American Boy" by the author of "Fauss and Halsey," Charles Eastman. Will the Vice-President endorse these films? Of course Joe Hardhat and all his pals claim they are the only ones nc one has heard from so Hurray for Hollywood! Then again, America has never had its answer to England's "kitchen sink" cinema, so redneck cinema might be successful if those involved in the making of such films ever take a little time off from their sumptuous living to try and understand the people, which considering how badly other topical subjects have been handled ("The Liberation of Lord Byron Jones," "Pieces of Dreams"), isn't very likely.

DAVID WARREN

Counternotes

Even better than WORKINGMAN'S DEAD is the latest Dead offering- AMERICAN BEAUTY(Warner Brothers 1893). It is the fullfilled end of what was so beautifully encased in the previous album. The structures and harmonies on this album are amazing. This is definitely the most beautiful and satisfying Dead album yet. It's incredible that the Dead can still produce some of the best rock music around in person and also produce soft albums like this. Two of the cuts are amazing: "Ripple" is a joyful hymn with an infectious air, while "Attics of My Life" features some of the most beautiful harmonies, "Natural ones", that I've ever heard. If there seems to be a preponderance of superlatives in this review, it is because that is what the album deserves. The songs are beautifully written and performed- happy like "Friend of the Devil", "operator"- countryish music as only the Dead could give life to. One of the best albums currently out. availbale

Maury Muehleisen. He has an album called GINGERBREAD(Capital ST644). It would be a shame to miss it, because it is one of the prettiest, most lovingly produced albums of recent years. Maury is a talented young writer whose compositions refelct his youthful exuberance and general "upness". He has a sense of lyricism that does well by his high, gentle voice. Additionally he is helped by the sensitive arrangements of Ed Freeman and David Bromberg, and competent sidemen(including Eric Weissberg). There are eleven songs, and they constitute a fine portrait of the young artist. While not necessarily intended, they do have a thematic unity. There is not a bad song on the album. Conversely , get it together to pick up on a major new artist.

LITTLE FEAT (Warner Brothers 1890) sounds like Small Faces (not just the name, mind you- a lot of the music). But it's pretty neat styling. They do all original material, and if one fails to see the similarities, the music is all that much more enjoyable. (One thinking, some of the vocals remind me of Leon Russell...oh well).. But then again, the more I listen to the album, the less they remind me of other people. (No, this is not a confusing Rolling Stone review.) A quartet(standard make-up) they(Rolling Stone? The Rolling Stones? Traces of them, too, I think, on side 2...) give the impression of being a band that works best wit audience interaction. The point is, its a good album. Right?

Jeffrey Cain's FOR YOU(Warner S 1880) reminds me of Jesse Colin Young's lost album SOUL OF A CITY BOY. As a matter of fact, Young and the other Youngbloods provide back-up for Cain. There are some fine blues tinges in "Mr, Governor" and "Hounddog Turkey". But the best cuts are the flowing ballads like "Heavenly Blue" and "For You" which strike a wistful note through their simplicity and straightforwardness. The songs are similar to the most lyrical of the Youngbloods material. It's nice to hear a basically acoustic album that comes through like this one does.

With sidekicks like Eric Clapton, Leon Russell, Jackie Lomax and others, you can't be too bad off. JESSE DAVIS(atlantic SD33-346) gets it on pretty well, with the second side of this album being beautifully influenced by Leon Russell. The best tunes are all on that side---"You Belladona You", and "Golden Sun Goddess", bitter love songs by Davis, "Rock and Roll Gypsies" and Van Morrison's "Crazy Love". A downright funky album.

MORNING(Vault S138) is a very pretty album. It seems a sad thing that many people might not hear this album because the group is not that well known. Still, they have a very polished sound, at times Byrds-like. Their influences lie between folk-rock and country-rock. They do all original material, mostly lightly paced and heavy on melody. The sounds Morning produces draw your attention because they are not just imitative in either style or content. Even if there are many good groups coming out every week, it would be a shame to loose track of a fine group like

Rahsaan Roland Kirk is something of a genius. People who know jazz have been aware of that for years; on this album, we see it in his playing counter-melodies and counterrythms at the same time- think about that- two tunes coming from one mouth, with different breath controls. It;s incredible. Besides innovations like these, Kirk remains one of the most vibrant and lyrical musicians around. He also raps a lot between songs, and the combination of that and good music make this one of the best jazz albums in recent months. RAHSAAN RAHSAAN (Atlantic SD 1575).

GRACIOUS(Capitol ST 602) is like Pink Floyd in one sense. It requires concentration. The fare is not as heavy or electronically oriented as the Floyd, but it is definitely not background music. The basically simple structures of the songs don't hide a complex conception that lies somewhere between neo-classical and rock. The shortest cut, "Fugue in D Minor" is five minutes long, and the aim and achievement is the lengthy development of musical motifs. As the liner notes say, the music is enveloping and individual, without being pretentious and overpowering. An album to be gotten into.

Ike and Tina Turner are our Number One Musical Couple, even though its Tina who's always front and center and recieves most of the attention. Their latest album WORKIN' TOGETHER (Liberty LST-7650) is their best ever- funky as all hell, and exciting. The Turners do some of their stage numbers here, some of their best things like "Proud Mary" and "The Way You Love Me"---and other songs like "Funkier Than a Mosquita's Tweeter". Even on Beatles' songs like "Let It Be" and "Get Back", Tina's soulful, gritty voice discovers new heights and new directions. As always, the production is top notch.

MILES DAVIS AT THE FILLMORE(Columbia SG30038) is a maddening album. Maddening because Miles is great, but his sidemen haven't advanced yet to the same level he's at, and when he's not playing, the double album has a tendency to drag. Still, Miles gets it on in his quest for a positive fusion between jazz and rock. Miles is above all else a leader, an innovater. Genius becomes him well. Each cut of this album constitutes one night's set. No titles, just the pure, unadulterated music. Miles has always been hard to either understand or explain, but one fact has always remained clear- his music swings and involves. This album is no exception and its hard to not dig of hearing his progression over a four night period. He fitted into the Fillmore- or maybe it was the other way around.

Bob Dylan's back after the mistakes of SELF-PORTRAIT. NEW MORNING (Columbia KC-30290) is his best album in recent years, very much of a step forward musically. Jazz has finally been intergrated spatially into his music, and the predominant feel of this album lies between gently flowing jazz and his early sense of folk-rock. The lyrics for the songs are also back to the level we became accustomed to so long ago. There is a sense of love, an intention to praise. The best songs reflect those two particular qualities. "If Not For You", "Time Passes Slowly", "Winterlude", "Father of Night"...Some of the cuts take a little getting used to, but it sure is good to see this cat back strong the way he is on this album.

A PAUSE IN THE DISASTER(Cotillion SD 9031) is an outrageously funny album that avoids too close a similarity to the Firesign Theater. Created by the Conception Corporation, the material ranges from "Dial-a-Dirty-Joke"(which has its own hilarious repercutions once anybody has heard it), to "The Disease Broker" to the TV show "Black for a Day". It's hard to adequately describe albums of this kind because the temptation is to give away one's favorite or most outrageous impressions. Suffice it to say that the album is hilareous and that it is worth many listenings.

THE WORST OF JEFFERSON AIRPLANE(RCA LSP 4459) is of course really the best of the Airplane. Culled from their six albums, it's pretty indicative of the range and directions of this, one of America's best groups ever. The cuts are all familiar--"Somebody To Love", "White Rabbit", "Crown of Creation", "Today", "Plastic Phantastic Lover", "Volunteers"- and 9 other cuts. The best thing is, of course, that all the cuts are together on one album for the first time. A good idea from the people who've always brought you the Jefferson Airplane---RCA.

I've always thought Van Morisson was incredible, and I remember people refusing to get into his music because they couldn't understand what he was into. Well, tastes change, and now Morisson is finally getting the attention he deserves. This his third album is VAN MORISSON, HIS BAND AND THE STREET CHOIR (Warner Brothers 1884); it's probably the easiest to get into(though his previous albums MOONDANCE And ASTRAL WEEKS are both classics and will forever be hard to top). On this album, Morisson works with the band he has had for quite some time now and the communication shows. As always, his very personal style is reflected in both structure and lyrics. "Domino" seems to be recieving some airplay, but for a portrait of a major artist, you must take the whole of this excellent album.

Keef Hartley's THE TIME IS NEAR (Deram DES-18047) comes across very powerfully- that elusive big band sound from a small band. Hartley is one of those intelligent English drummers who drive a group rather than dominate it. Throughout the album, Hartley is never overpowering, working well with his brassmen--Dave Caswell, Lyle Jenkins, Henry Lowther and Jim Jewell. Caswell particularly stands out with his trumpet work. Another big asset is the vocalizing of Miller Anderson(who also wrote most of the tunes). The outstanding feature of this album is that one has a sense of professionalism that is too often lacking in groups of this type. All cuts are top quality, the album doesn't let down at any point.

Badfinger's always had to play in the shadow of the Beatles, whom they so very much sound like- the era of the early Beatles, that is. What is sometimes forgotten is that the early Beatles played mighty fine music, happy music. This is also the case with Badfinger. Their second album NO DICE (Apple ST 3367) is their best yet. All the tracks are clean and well-thought out, with several seeming to be particularly familiar-"No Matter What", " Love Me Do"---and a couple of together other numbers. The most important thing to remember about Badfinger is not who they aren't, but what they do- make good music.

TIME AND A WORD by Yes(Atlantic SD8273) is intelligent rock featuring the compositions of Jon Anderson. The essential features of the group are the interplay between organ and guitar, and the low-key harmonie on the vocals. Except for Steve Stills "Everydays", the group does its own original material. Best cuts are "Sweet Dreams", "The Prophet" and the title cut. A very polished group.

Lovers of beauty always look forward to a new Judy Collins album. WHALES AND NIGHTINGALES(Elektra EKS 75010) is her latest offering, conceptually similar to WILDFLOWERS. Jacques Brel is represented through two songs, "Marieke" and "Sons Of". I must confess, I find Brel's style a little cloying after a while, unduly repetitious. But Judy gives fine realization to Joan Baez's optimistic "Song For David" and Dominic Behans' "Patriot Game". In addition a good portion of the album is instrumental with subtle orchestration from Joshua Rifkin and John Nagy. "Nightingale II" is a simplistic ballade, and is worth the album for its beauty alone. And there is the singing of the humpbacked whales(but that you have to hear for yourself). And the powerful spiritual "Amazing Grace." A complex and warm album. Typical for Judy Collins.

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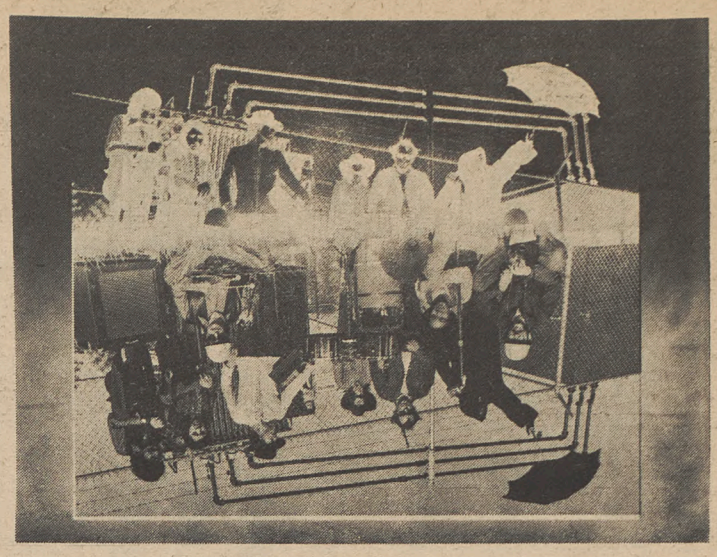

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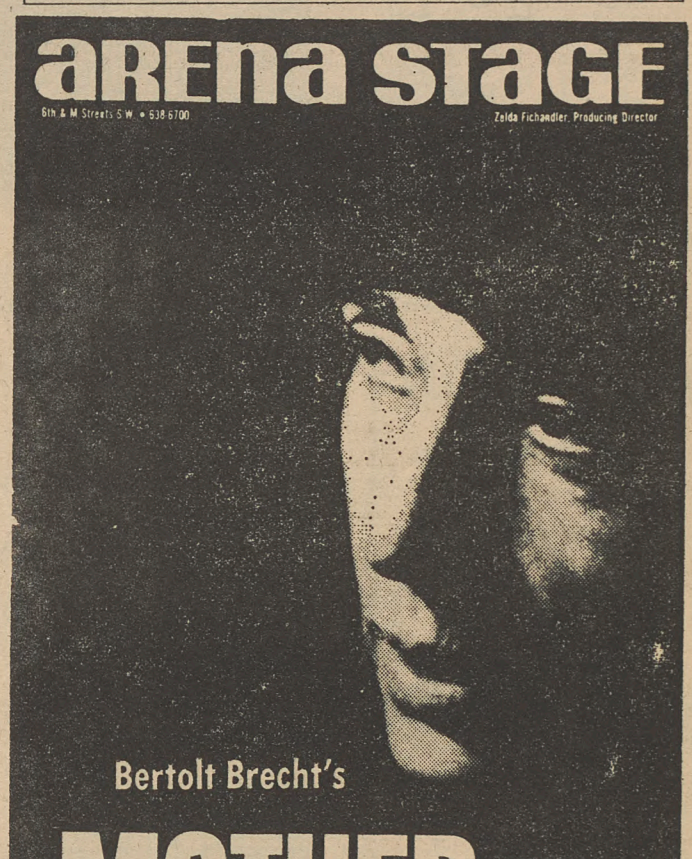

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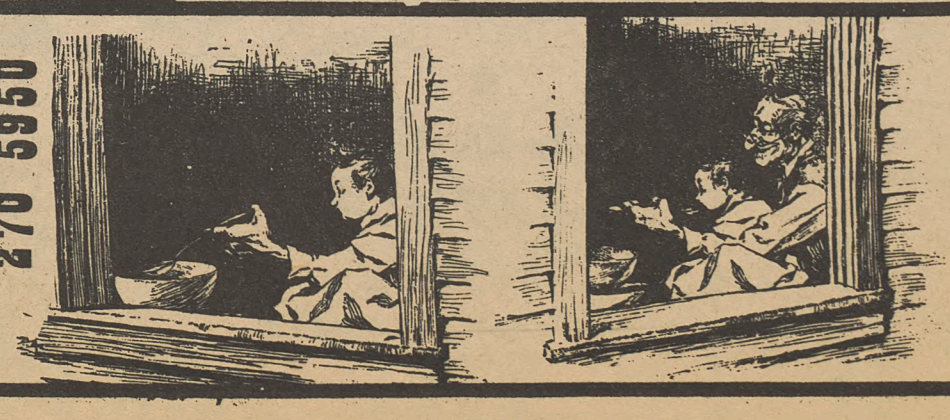

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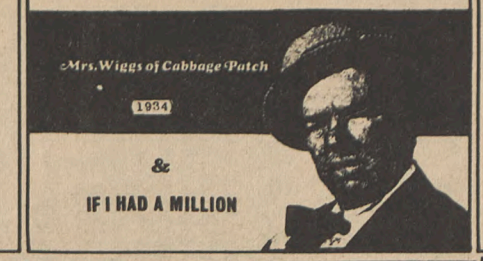

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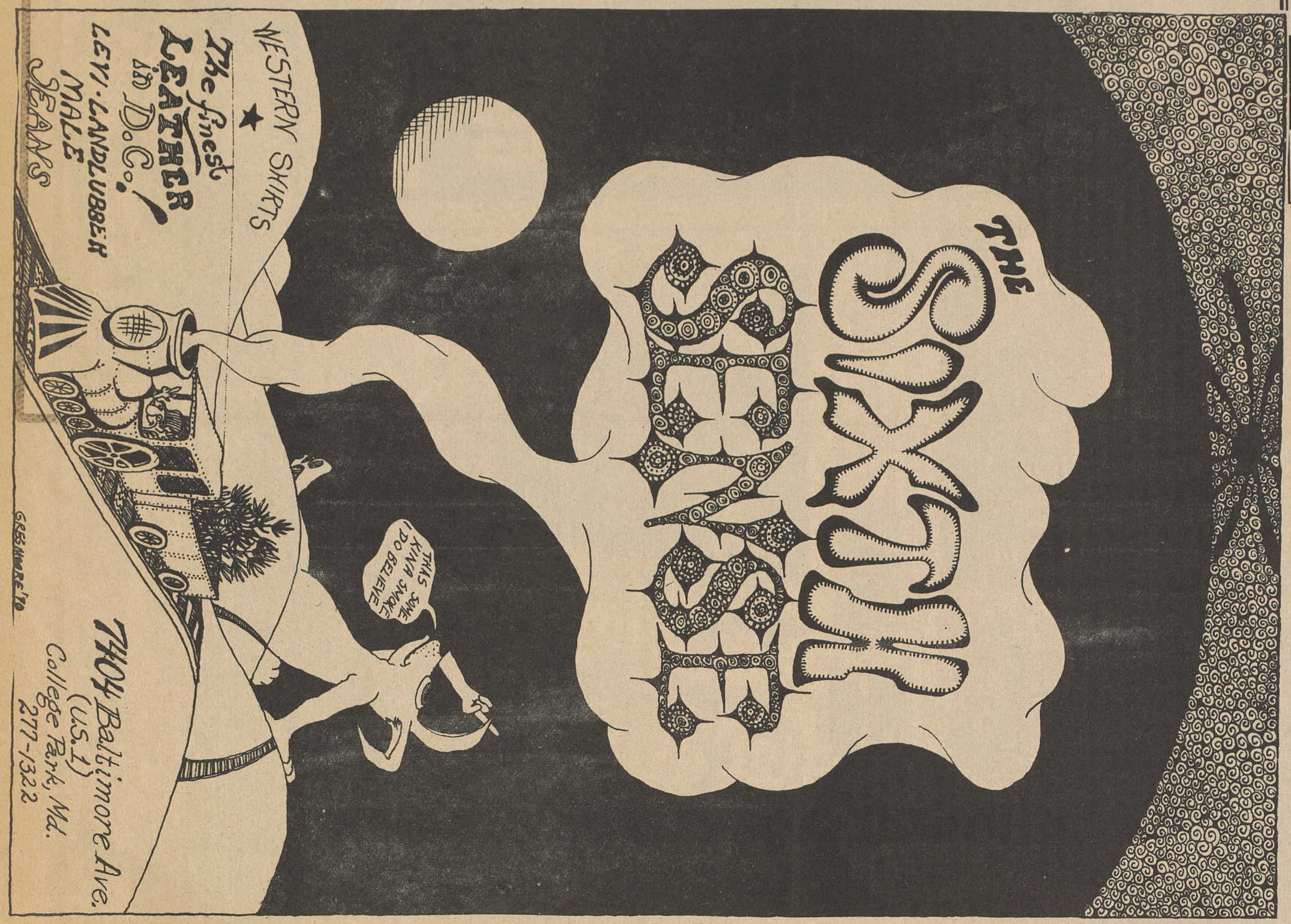

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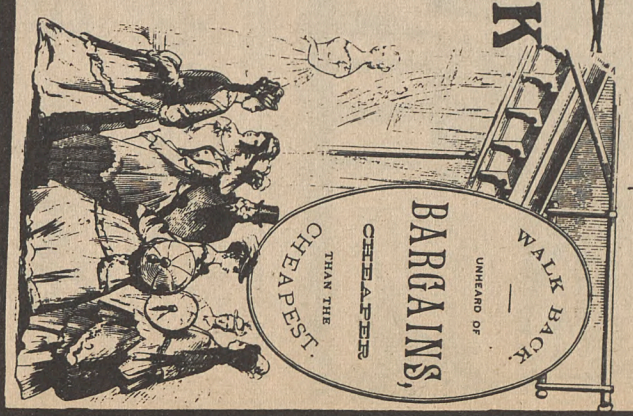

BOOKS

THE VOICE THAT IS GREAT WITHIN US
AMERICAN POETRY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

EDITED BY HAYDEN CARRUTH PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 1970
BANTAM

With Whitmanesque joie de vivre Hayden Carruth's new anthology of American poetry of the twentieth century heralds itself with the implication that there is, here, something which speaks for us all and speaks all for us. Pity the man, I say, not for the book, itself, but for the attempt and the innocence which he must have in order to conceive such an idea.

Anthologies, by their own nature, are not really subject to criticism in its literal sense. As Carruth says in the foreword to the book under "principles of selection," "3. To give primacy among all criteria to my own feeling and to select no particular poem that does not seem to me genuine within its given modality, whatever that may be." High standards, yes, but in actuality, this is (unintentionally, surely) a pre-defense; the critic cannot deal directly with the book or its contents, but seemingly must fall back on some obscure ad hominem directed at the anthologizer himself.

Yet this is impossible. I do not know the man except through the book and through his own fragments included in the book. Even though Carruth protects himself, he does so rightfully, and from my own point of view, necessarily. The True Critic, residing in Platonic heaven, must finally be the poet himself, speaking through the words of his own sense-expression.

I said pity the man, but still, this kind of attempt must be given its due of reverence. Carruth has not been untrue to the ends his book sets up, for the book, with its natural flaws and miscarriages, is still a type of contemporary poem in itself. If every poem is merely a line in the larger poem of a book, as Louis Simpson judges, then this anthology is a success.

But there are still some problems. Carruth remarks in the first of his three criteria of selection that he will choose a poem not for its fame only, but "in the current taste and feeling" those poems which are the strongest of each writer. This, in itself, is a type of injustice: to the poet who may not give a fig for currency or taste (whatever that is); to the reader whose sole judgment may be based on only what appears in this book and who most likely was not consulted as to what his taste is; and to the book itself, for it establishes severe limitations on the longevity of its selection as the best poems of the twentieth century.

Exempla gratia: Marriane Moore, Muriel Rukeyser, Richmond Lattimore, many more, are under-represented; their real power, in itself and in terms of cause or history, is understated. Ferlinghetti is represented by only two poems which happen to be from his oldest publications. They are good poems, yes, strong in all senses of the word, yet they do not show anything really important about the poet himself as a lyricist, observer, and stylist. He seems to be only a haranguer-on. Robinson Jeffers speaks directly to the time, yet his voice is not heard in its full volume or width.

At the other extreme, Carruth has included several "unpublished" poets, seemingly to represent new voices; but where, then, is Jon Anderson, Marvin Bell, Michael Benedikt, Ted Berrigan, Kathleen Spivack, James Tate? This is, after all, twentieth century poetry. I have not heard before of David Lawson or of Patricia Low. Perhaps now I will, thanks to their inclusion.

I am harsh perhaps. Yet these poets, with some exceptions, are not "American poets" or poets of America. They are people who happen to be writing in America, for whatever reason. A full three-quarters of the poets represented were born between 1910 and 1930. This does not mean that they cannot be as full of the visions which are here to be seen and recorded, yet there is a period of some forty years between 1930 and now. Someone must have been born into the same kind of birthright which Carruth implicitly attributes to these others.

This is not to say that the book fails in its intent to show some history of the making of the immediate, yet fore-runners are boundless. Carruth himself tries to make a difference in his intentions between poets of history and poets of experiment, yet, like David Wagoner's frogs in the swamp, poets who really have no wind left to croak are still at it, filling their bellows and pressuring it out. Perhaps Hayden Carruth does not see fully enough that the true experiment not only utilizes past experience of the test-tube, but requires new hypotheses, which, unfortunately, are lacking from his collection.

Paul R. Jones

BOOKS
IN BRIEF

TOWN AND REVOLUTION--When one speaks of revolution in architecture today, Soviet Russia rarely comes up for discussion. Nevertheless, in the early years of Soviet Russia, architects and town planners were working systematically and progressively to formulate architectural solutions and expressions that were as admirable as those being experimented with elsewhere in the world. Anatole Kopp's study of early Soviet Architecture is one of the few serious studies of that era in Russia. This fine text and rare reproductions analyze the early trends, and the unfortunate return to "neo-classical" that emerged in the mid-1930's. Published by Braziller in hard cover at 15.00. 250 pages.

NINETEENTH AND TWENTIETH CENTURY ART--George Heard Hamilton, in 450 pages surveys painting, sculpture, and architecture of the western world, certainly if not in detail, definitely dexterously. Beginning with "Romantic Classicism" and ending with the post-war period, he summarizes major artists, major trends, and major importances. The text is accompanied by generous reproductions, the bulk of which are in black-white. Published by Abrams at 18.50 in hardcover.

BROADWAY--Super critic Brooks Atkinson's history of the New York Theatrical Machine reaches back to the early 1920's. Marie Dressler, Orson Wells, Laurence Olivier, Katherine Cornell were the early names, and from there he works into the present day when "Hair" gives a new look to the "legit" scene. Published by Macmillan at 12.50 with many priceless pictures.

MAGRITTE--Author Suzi Gablick's study of the Surrealist Master is the best available work, not only on Rene Magritte himself, but the intent of the oeuvre of which he was both a precursor and a major part of. She reaches back to Chirico, and pushes forward to Jasper Johns in her broad and perceptive analysis, and is careful to note fundamental differences between Magritte and such artists as Delvaux and Jim Dire. Published by New York Graphic Society at 13.50 in 200 pages with exceptional photographs, and reproductions.

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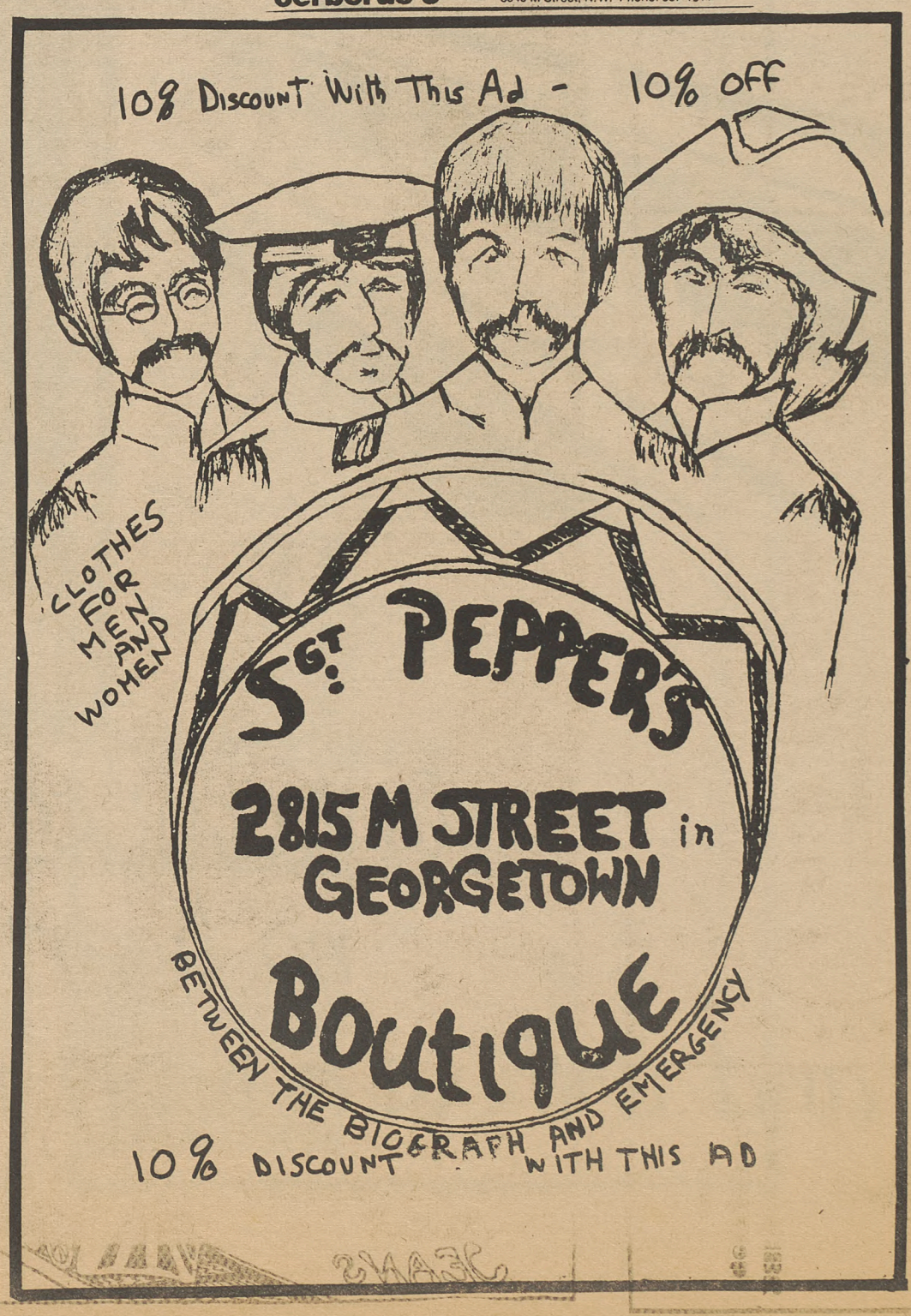

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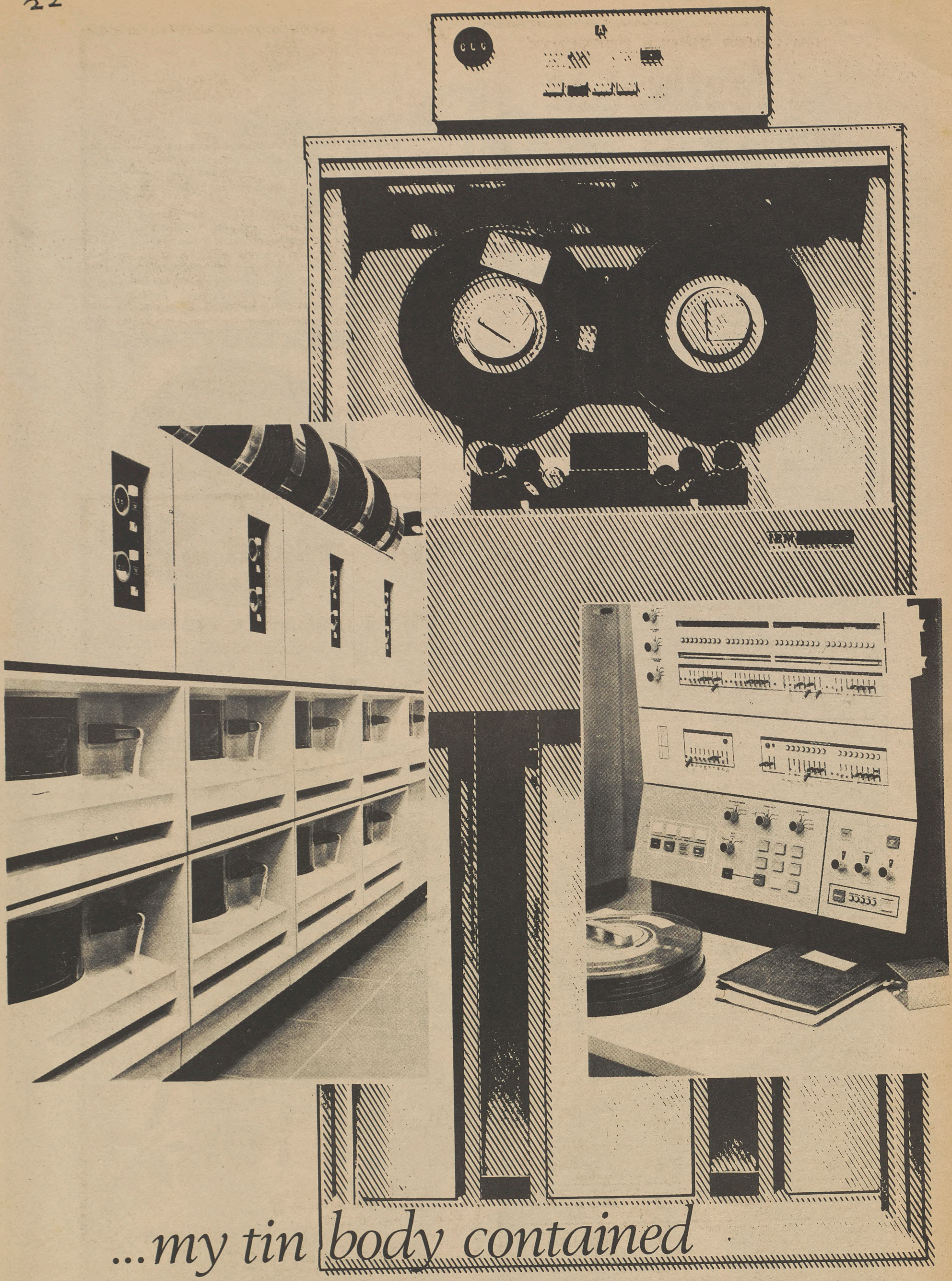

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STARTS SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6

SUN., MON. Dec. 6-7	Erroll Flynn in **Michael Curtiz's** ***Sea Hawk*** (1940) Claude Rains	Two Film Classics from Rafael Sabatini's Novels &	Erroll Flynn in **Michael Curtiz's** ***Captain Blood*** (1935) Basil Rathbone, Olivia de Havilland
TUESDAY Dec. 8	Ronald Colman in **George Cukor's** ***A Double Life*** (1947) Shelley Winters, Signe Hasso	&	Henry Fonda in **Fritz Lang's** ***You Only Live Once*** (1937) Sylvia Sydney
WEDNESDAY Dec. 9	Burgess Meredith in **John Steinbeck's** ***Of Mice and Men*** (1939) Lon Chaney, Jr.	&	Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Houston in **Rene Clair's** ***And Then There Were None*** (1945) Judith Anderson
THURSDAY Dec. 10	Charles Laughton, Robert Donat ***The Private Life of Henry VIII*** (1933) Merle Oberon, Gertrude Lawrence	&	Charles Laughton in **Alexander Korda's** ***Rembrandt*** (1936) Gertrude Lawrence, Elsa Lanchester
FRI., SAT. Dec. 11-12	Errol Flynn in **Michael Curtiz's** ***The Adventures of Robin Hood*** (1938) Basil Rathbone, Claude Rains	Back by Popular Request &	Errol Flynn in **Michael Curtiz's** ***The Charge of the Light Brigade*** (1936) Olivia de Havilland, David Niven
SUNDAY Dec. 13	Tommy Kelly, Walter Brennan in **David O. Selznick's** ***Adventures of Tom Sawyer*** (1938) May Robson, Victor Jory	&	Thomas Mitchell, Freddie Bartholomew in the Classic ***Swiss Family Robinson*** (1940) Tim Holt
MONDAY Dec. 14	Dorothy McGuire, Ethel Barrymore ***The Spiral Staircase*** (1946) Elsa Lanchester	&	Orson Welles, Edward G. Robinson in **Orson Welles'** ***The Stranger*** (1946) Loretta Young
TUESDAY Dec. 15	Victor Mature, Carole Landis ***One Million B.C.*** (1940) Lon Chaney, Jr.	&	Ralph Richardson in **H. G. Welles'** ***The Man Who Could Work Miracles*** (1937) Roland Young
WEDNESDAY Dec. 16	Ralph Richardson in **Kipling's** ***Four Feathers*** (1939) C. Aubrey Smith	Two Alexander Korda Cinema Classics &	Sabu, Raymond Massey in **Kipling's** ***Drums*** (1938) Valerie Hobson
THURSDAY Dec. 17	Randolph Scott in **James Fennimore Cooper's** ***Last of the Mohicans*** (1936) Binnie Barnes, Bruce Cabot	&	Robert Donat in **Rene Clair's** ***The Ghost Goes West*** (1935) Written by Robert E. Sherwood
FRI., SAT. Dec. 18-19	Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones in **David O. Selznick's** ***Duel in the Sun*** (1946) Joseph Cotten, Walter Huston	&	John Wayne in **John Ford's** Classic ***Stagecoach*** (1939) Claire Trevor, Thomas Mitchell
SUNDAY Dec. 20	James Hayter, Nigel Patrick in **Charles Dickens'** ***The Pickwick Papers*** (1953) Hermione Gingold	&	Walter Huston, Edward Arnold in **Stephen Vincent Benet's** Classic ***The Devil and Daniel Webster*** (1941) Simone Simon, Gene Lockhart
MONDAY Dec. 21	Robert Donat in **Alexandre Dumas'** Immortal Story ***The Count of Monte Cristo*** (1933) Elissa Landi	&	Louis Hayward, Joan Bennett in **Alexandre Dumas'** ***The Man in the Iron Mask*** (1939) Joseph Schildkraut
TUESDAY Dec. 22	Dana Andrews, Gene Tierney in **John Ford's** Award Winning ***Tobacco Road*** (1941) Charles Grapewin, Ward Bond	&	John Wayne in **Howard Hawk's** Western Classic ***Red River*** (1952) Montgomery Clift, Walter Brennan
WEDNESDAY Dec. 23	Sabu, Walter Hudd in **Kipling's** ***Elephant Boy*** (1937) directed by Robert Flaherty	&	Sabu, Conrad Veidt ***The Thief of Bagdad*** (1940) June Duprez
THUR., FRI., SAT. Dec. 24-26	Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon in **Alexander Korda's** ***The Scarlet Pimpernel*** (1935) Raymond Massey	&	Jose Ferrer's Academy Award Winning Performance ***Cyrano de Bergerac*** (1950) Mala Powers
SUN., MON. Dec. 27-28	Marx Bros. ***Room Service*** (1938) Lucille Ball	&	Marx Bros. ***A Night in Casablanca*** (1946) Directed by Archie Mayo
TUES., WED. Dec. 29-30	Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers ***Top Hat*** (1935) Music of Irving Berlin	&	Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers in **George Stevens'** ***Swingtime*** (1936) Music of Jerome Kern
THUR., FRI., SAT. Dec. 31-Jan. 2	Michael Redgrave in **Alfred Hitchcock's** ***The Lady Vanishes*** (1938) Margaret Lockwood	&	Gregory Peck in **Alfred Hitchcock's** ***Spellbound*** (1945) Ingrid Bergman
SUN., MON., TUES. Jan. 3-5	Laurence Olivier in **Alfred Hitchcock's** ***Rebecca*** (1940) Joan Fontaine	&	Robert Montgomery in **Alfred Hitchcock's** ***Mr. & Mrs. Smith*** (1941) Carole Lombard
WEDNESDAY Jan. 6	Gary Cooper in **Stanley Kramer's** ***High Noon*** (1952) Grace Kelly	&	John Wayne in **John Ford's** ***Quiet Man*** (1952) Maureen O'Hara
THURSDAY Jan. 7	Hayley Mills in **Bryan Forbes'** ***Whistle Down the Wind*** (1960) Alan Bates	&	Dirk Bogarde in **Basil Dearden's** ***Victim*** (1961) Sylvia Sims

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